



LIFE *of*
LINCOLN
FOR BOYS

FRANCES · C · SPARHAWK

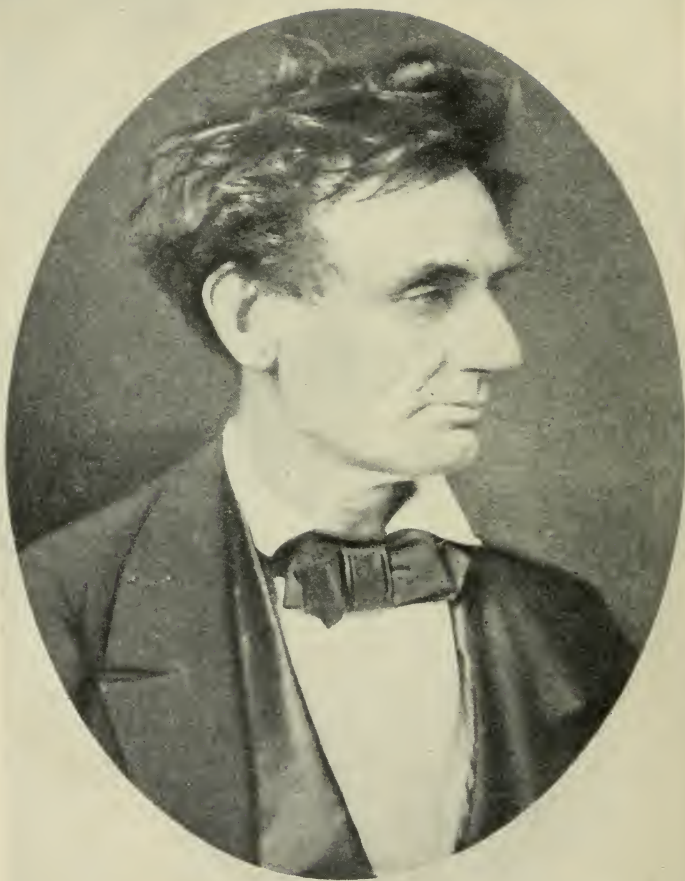
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LINCOLN IN 1857.
From a photograph.

A Life of Lincoln

FOR BOYS

BY

Frances Campbell Sparhawk

Author of "HONOR DALTON," "POLLY BLATCHLEY," etc.



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TO
E. J. S.

PREFACE.

We know the old legend of the great gulf that once opened in the earth in Rome and threatened to destroy the city. The oracle declared that this gulf would never close until the most precious thing in Rome had been thrown into it. So the people brought gold and jewels and beautiful furniture and ornaments of all kinds. But the gulf remained as wide open as ever, and the people were in despair. At last one brave man who loved his country cried out: "The most precious thing in Rome is her manhood!" And he leaped straight down into the gulf, dying for the sake of his country. For immediately it shut together over his head and Rome was saved.

In 1861, more than two thousand years afterward, in our own land of America, a great gulf of disunion opened in the midst of our Republic, and all our efforts at closing it were of no avail, until the most precious possession in our land, or in any land, had leaped into the gulf. Four hundreds of thousands of brave men gave their lives to the closing of this gulf of disunion which would have destroyed the peace and greatness of our land.

The last life to be sacrificed was Abraham Lincoln's. And the gulf closed. For Lincoln was a man whom the North as well as many in the South mourned for as a patriot, a lover and friend of his whole country. He

PREFACE.

was, as Stanton said of him, the greatest ruler of men that the world has seen, a ruler by persuading, convincing, leading by his own purity of purpose and great abilities.

Abraham Lincoln was as poor as any poor man ; none has fewer opportunities than he had. But who can bring so much out of so little, because who has his ability and his wonderful industry?

Yet the keynote of his character was not his ability or his industry, remarkable as these were. It was something still higher—it was his purpose. A remark that he once made shows how he felt as to all the honors that life could give him. He said one day that some persons were satisfied with being "Governor" or holding some office; but this kind of thing could never satisfy him. This was true. Not what he had, but what he was and what he could do in the world seemed to him worthy of struggle and labor.

The history of his life gives us a faint idea of what his struggle and labor were. It tells us also how his great desire to help the world was gratified in a wonderful way.

In all our land, indeed, in all the world there has been but one Abraham Lincoln. But of those who have his purpose to leave their world in some ways better than they found it, there should be many.

F. C. S.

NEWTON CENTRE, MASS.

June, 1907

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A LIFE OF LINCOLN FOR BOYS.

I.

HOW PEOPLE LIVED IN 1809.

If you should shut your eyes on this present year and some fairy would whisk you backward into the year 1809, and, still keeping your eyes shut, you should listen, it would seem to you very still. Not a sound of the electric cars would you hear; not an automobile would rumble in the distance and make you look to find if you were in its track; no whistle and rush of steam cars would you hear; no postman's whistle would sound shrill in the distance as he hurried from house to house with his bag of mail; no footsteps of the boy with the morning or the evening paper to deliver would sound on the pavement or come running over the grass, cross lots; no telegram would be handed in at your door; no telephone bell would make you rush to the receiver to find out what somebody miles away was going to talk to you about—

none of these things would you hear, for at that time they did not exist; there were no electric cars, or automobiles, or steamcars; no postmen, or paper-boys, or telegraphs or telephones; no steamers crossing and re-crossing the ocean.

Then if you could open your eyes on this country as it was in 1809, remembering how you live and travel nowadays, you would wonder more and more how people got on at all in those times.

For from somewhere far down the dusty road you would hear a rumbling slowly growing more distinct; by and by you would see a cloud of dust heavier than that raised now by an automobile, because in those times the roads were not so good; then two horses would come into view, and behind them two more, drawing a lumbering stagecoach such as you have never seen except in pictures. If you wished to take a journey, this would be the coach you would travel in—unless you were very rich and went in your own carriage with your own pair of horses.

If you were going any great distance, for instance, from New York to Boston—for that was a great distance in those days—you would have to prepare for a week's journey; for that trip used to take six days by stagecoach. Now the fast expresses do it in less than six hours.

As you were getting ready to start, people in your neighborhood would come or send to you asking if you would do them the kindness to deliver certain letters to their friends or business correspondents in Boston, or wherever you might be going. In those days it cost so much to send a letter by post that people always asked their friends to carry it, whenever this was possible. They used to begin their letters: "I take this opportunity of Mr. So-and-So's going to such a place"—wherever this might be—"to send you a letter." Then they would tell their news. In those days letters did not have envelopes; they were folded in a peculiar way that we should find it hard to imitate and sealed with sealing wax with a monogram, or a crest, or some pretty device pressed into the wax from the stamp.

The regular mail went on these stagecoaches according to a law that Congress passed in the March of 1802. Before that time the mail was carried by men on horseback. How small the mailbags must have been! Only the great iron horse can now carry the mails that are going from city to city all over the land, not once in two or three days, or even once a day, but all the time, every few hours. And a mail bag, or perhaps two thrown across a saddle with horse and rider jogging along the heavy

roads!—why, now it takes a car fitted up for the purpose to carry the mails. It used to cost twenty-five cents and then twelve cents to send a letter. Now, as we know, one will go from Maine to California for two. So people don't ask their friends to take letters for them on journeys as they once did; they only have to ask them to drop these into the letter boxes.

If you had been traveling in 1809, you would not have gone inside the stagecoach if it had been fine weather; but would have taken a seat aloft beside the driver where you could breathe the fresh air and enjoy the country. And you would have found that the driver was expressman also and stopped at this house and that to deliver letters and packages and to receive and deliver messages. You would have found, too, that he knew all the gossip of the places he passed through on his route and could tell you the history of most of the people in them. For all the world loves to hear and tell news; and those were not the days of newspapers where people could read all the news they wanted, and sometimes more than they wanted. For in 1801 there were only two hundred weekly and seventeen daily newspapers published in all the country. So, if people had not told each other the news, how would they have heard any?

The stagecoaches stopped at taverns on the

way for fresh horses; and if you had been one of the passengers, you would have gone in with the rest to get breakfast, or dinner, or supper. In those times dinner was in the middle of the day, unless with a few very fashionable persons who had it in the middle of the afternoon.

When you reached the end of your journey, if it happened to be winter weather and you were cold and snowy, no doubt you would have found a warm welcome from your friends, but you would not have found a warm house. They would have ushered you into the drawingroom where you would have found a great blazing fire of wood looking so comfortable and so beautiful. If you sat up close to the fire your nose would have been warm, or if you turned your back to the blaze your back would have been warm; but you would have found it difficult to keep both warm at the same time. Or if you had found a Franklin stove—for these were in use before that time, you would have been warmer so long as you kept near it. But as to having rooms and halls all over a house warmed as they are now, nobody ever dreamed of such a thing.

You might ask: “If it took so long to go between New York and Boston, how long did it take to go to California?”

There was no California—there was the country of course. But it belonged to Mexico and only came to the United States when Texas did, in the Mexican war, 1845-1848.

In early times, and even after the Revolutionary war, it had been thought that we should never want the country west of the Mississippi, and that this would always be a wilderness and a place for the Indians. But as the country grew, people changed their minds. In 1821 the United States bought Florida from Spain. Before that, however, in 1803, Louisiana was bought by us from France. The French had first come there in 1699; then France ceded it to Spain, 1762; but in 1800 Spain gave it back to France. Three years later the United States bought it from France.

We know the boundaries of Louisiana now. But in those days it was very much larger and its boundaries were “vague and undetermined.” On the north it went to Canada; or one old record says it “ends on the north at a place called Detroit between Lake Erie and Lake Huron.” On the south it ran to the Gulf of Mexico. And as no one could tell on the west just where the French country ended which the United States had bought as Louisiana, and where the Spanish possessions began, the

Americans pushed west as far as they could and said the land had been French and belonged to them.

Ohio had been made a State only in 1802; and in 1809 the country west of this largely remained to be settled and conquered from the wilderness for civilization. Kentucky and Tennessee were States about the end of 1700; Vermont was admitted in 1791. But in 1809 these were the only new States admitted into the Union since the Revolution. This makes us realize what a different country even in size it was from today.

But, after all, it is not the size of a country that counts so much; it is not its many inventions and comforts and conveniences of business and of life, and, especially, it is not its vast wealth that makes its real power and greatness—it is the men and women in it that really count for its present and its future. And in America at that time were men and women as strong and brave and able as any who live today; and most of all there were good and true men and women who loved God and loved their country.

It was into this country of great performance and still greater promise, and to be a leader of such men and women in a time of terrible struggle and danger, the choice of the

people and, under God, their ruler to guide this nation to life instead of death—it was to do all this, and beyond it, to show in his own character how true and great a man can be, that, February 12, 1809, Abraham Lincoln was born.

II.

DANIEL BOONE AND THE LINCOLN PIONEERS. .

The original grant of Colonial Virginia was a very large country indeed; it included not only Virginia as it now is on the map, but the whole of West Virginia, Ohio, Kentucky and "everything westward to the Mississippi, and as much further as the colony had a mind to claim." The Virginia called afterward "the mother of States" was only the part between the Alleghany Mountains and Chesapeake Bay—our present Virginia.

The people who settled Virginia were more from the rural districts of England than those who came to New England; some were squires and many were yeomen. They were not so ready to build cities and live together as in New England; they liked better to spread over the country and have great estates. And they did not have so hard a time with the Indians as did the New England people, so that they could do this more safely.

As we know, the first Virginia company was organized in 1606. But this did not succeed, because people in England wanted to do all the management and give those here no rights. Then, in 1624, the English government took control, and the colonists came over faster. They soon found that there was no gold in the State and that they were too far south to get furs from the Indians. But about this time tobacco was introduced into Europe, and Virginia was found to be a fine place to grow tobacco; the colonists went into its culture largely. They needed plenty of land for this; and after a time when the best lands in Virginia had been taken up, they began to look over the mountains to see what was beyond.

It was not all desire for tobacco fields, however, that influenced them. The Anglo-Saxon people love land, they want space enough to live in, and to own for themselves acres and acres of rich lands. So, as has been said, after the best lands in Virginia had been taken up, the most ambitious and adventurous settlers began to dream of going to those beyond; and at that time Kentucky seemed to them a world of wonders and romance. It had the Ohio river on the north, the Mississippi on the west, the Cumberland Mountains between it and Virginia; it had rich and fertile lands ready for the pio-

neers; also, many of its rivers were navigable. There was another advantage. Only the Chickasaw Indians were really living in the country; the other tribes passed through it often on their raids but lived north or south, or beyond the Mississippi; so that the land was open to the white man if he could come and take possession of the forests and cultivate the rich plains that he would find. These fertile acres proved too tempting to resist when the farmers in Virginia found that they would have to farm on the slopes of the Alleghanies or go beyond these for new lands. As early as 1750 Indian traders had found passes through these mountains; and it was one of these Indian traders who guided Daniel Boone to the State that he helped to build up and that made him so famous.

The first Kentucky colony was founded in 1774; and the following year other footholds were taken and held; all earlier attempts had failed.

Boone was not the first there; but he came early enough to find plenty to do, and to do it.

Daniel Boone was born in Pennsylvania, in 1734. But when he was a young man he moved from there, and through the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia went to the banks of the Yadkin River in North Carolina. There he married; and it was not until May of 1769 that he began

his exploration of Kentucky. Several men went there in company with Boone.

But that winter Boone and a friend he was hunting with were captured by Indians. The Indians spoiled the camps and then set Boone and his companion free and told them they must never come there again, because they were trespassing upon Indian hunting grounds under treaties made with the Indians. This was true; but Boone did not know it, or care for it. The Boone family were Quakers; and Daniel's grandfather had come to Pennsylvania to be near William Penn. Daniel had always been used to Indians; in his childhood they had come to his father's house and had always been on friendly terms with the Boones; and Daniel knew them thoroughly. All his life he had great influence over them. They captured him several times; but they never hurt him. But he never saw again the other men of their party who had come to Kentucky with him.

After their release, as he was going through the woods with his companion, they met two men who called to them that they were white men and friends. One proved to be Daniel's younger brother, Squire Boone, come in search of Daniel.

The two men with the Boones were not long afterward killed. Then the two brothers were alone together in the vast woods. There they

spent the long winter. In the spring their ammunition ran low. As they had to depend upon hunting for food, and for skins which gave them what money they had, there was nothing to do but go to the settlements for more. And they must have more horses and other supplies. Daniel decided that one of them must go and one stay; and that he must be the one to stay. For three whole months he was there, "by myself," he afterward said, "without bread, salt or sugar, without company of my fellow-creatures, or even a horse or dog." But he was born to live in the woods, he loved them so, and he loved hunting. It is said of him: "He was wanting in no quality of wise woodcraft. He could outrun a dog or a deer; he could thread the woods without food day and night; he could find his way as easily as a panther could. Although a great athlete and a tireless warrior, he hated fighting and only fought for peace. In council and in war he was equally valuable. His advice was never rejected without disaster, nor followed but with advantage; and when the fighting once began there was not a rifle in Kentucky which could rival his."

Yet for all his skill and his love of great spaces about him, he was homesick in those long lonely months and was glad enough to see his brother again. After Squire's return the two

hunted for a year longer "in those lovely wilds." For they had to earn money by the skins of the animals they shot. Then they went back to the Yadkin River and brought their families to Kentucky.

The first ancestor of Abraham Lincoln to reach America came to Hingham, Massachusetts, in 1838, and died there. His grandson removed to New Jersey, and from there to Pennsylvania, where he died in 1735. His appraisers called him "Mordecai Lincoln, Gentleman," so that he must have had property. To one of his sons he left land in New Jersey; and this son about 1750 went to Virginia. It was this son, Abraham Lincoln, the grandfather of our president, who went to Kentucky, partly because he wanted more land and partly because he was so interested in what he had heard from Boone about that country. For the Boones and the Lincolns were well acquainted; there had been marriages in the families; both were of Quaker origin. This ancestor of our president was quite well off, and when he sold his Virginia estates he bought land in Kentucky that would have made the family rich if they had kept it.

When he went there in 1780, the country was not quite so wild and uninhabited as it had been at Boone's coming. The people had begun to cultivate the land and they had built forts for

defence. For Kentucky was the border land between the northern and southern Indians who were at war with one another and was directly in the warpaths of these Indians. Also, in dealing with the Indians the white settlers did not regard the treaties made with them and sometimes were quite as treacherous and savage in warfare with them as the Indians themselves. Then, west of the Mississippi, and also north and south of Kentucky were the French who always got on well with the Indians and many a time roused them against the English settlers. The Indians loved their own lands as much as the white men did who came to crowd them out and take possession. There was enough land for both; but neither saw it so; and it was a time of savagery and horror.

In 1780 three hundred "large family boats" went down the Ohio River with people who settled in Kentucky; for that must have been an easier way of bringing families and household stuff than by land. In that same year the town of Louisville was incorporated; and the Virginia legislature—for then Kentucky was a part of Virginia, as we remember—endowed a college in that country, the origin of the University of Lexington.

In 1781 more people came; and after the war of the Revolution a good many soldiers went

back to Virginia who had no regular occupation; some of these came to Kentucky as settlers. There were among the settlers many worthy people, and some knaves, as in every community.

But it was a hard, hard life, with terrible work and great danger, and no amusements; no books or papers, very little visiting; only once in a while an opportunity to hear a preacher, and for this they had to take much time and travel far. The people dressed in skins of wild beasts that the men had killed and in linen stuffs that the women had woven. Except in firearms and knives they had almost no iron. They ate chiefly game, fish and coarse cornmeal. They used to buy and sell by barter, so that many a child grew up without ever seeing money. Their dwellings were open to the weather and some were so cold that the people living in them had to sleep on their shoes lest they should freeze too stiff to put on in the morning. Children used to play barefoot in the snow. But they suffered much from such hardships, and grew old and died before their time.

But for all their hard living these people had a great regard for law and through everything kept a certain order. They organized for themselves courts and councils; enforced contracts; collected debts; and in knowledge of government

were far above their social condition. They were strong and courageous men and women. To the pluck and endurance of our pioneers all over the land, we owe much of what our country is today.

It was from such ancestors as these that Abraham Lincoln was descended. In the great struggles and victories of his life he needed all the courage that came to him from brave and worthy men and women.

III.

THE LITTLE BOY IN THE LONELY WOODS.

Abraham Lincoln, the grandfather of our president, was killed by Indians. He was working with his three sons at the edge of a clearing. When he was shot, the oldest son, Mordecai, ran to the house and seized a rifle; the second son flew to the neighboring fort for assistance; and Thomas, the youngest, afterward the father of President Lincoln, but then a child of six years, was left alone with the body of his father. Mordecai saw through a loophole in the cabin an Indian stooping to pick up the child; and he shot the Indian dead. Help came from the fort and the Indians who had begun to gather, ran away. The rest of his life Mordecai always shot all the Indians he could, and never waited to find out whether they were his friends or his foes.

After her husband's death Abraham Lincoln's widow moved to a more thickly settled neighbor-



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HOUSE IN WHICH ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS BORN.
Three miles from Hodgenville, La Rue County, Kentucky.

hood; and there her children grew up. Thomas became a carpenter. He could do good work, but had no ambition, and was the poorest of any of the Lincoln family. But he was honest and good and self-respecting, and of a sunny disposition. While he was learning his trade, he married Nancy Hanks, the niece of his employer. Her family had come from Virginia at the same time with the Lincolns and others. She could read and write, and she taught her husband to write his name. She was bright and handsome; but they were very poor. After the birth of a daughter, they moved to a little farm, barren and unattractive. There, when Thomas and his wife were poorer than ever, on the twelfth of February, 1809, their son Abraham Lincoln was born. Evidently, he was named for his grandfather who was killed by Indians. Little did father and mother guess that this baby son after he had lived over fifty years was destined also to be shot, not by Indians, but by one quite as wicked and savage as any of them.

When we see young people with every advantage, able to go to the best schools, to have all the best books to read, to travel and see many countries and famous places, to have all kinds of privileges and enjoyments in life, we are led to

think that they have such opportunities to grow great in mind and power and do a noble work in the world that we are tempted to envy them all their possibilities. But when we study the matter we find that of all those who have made their lives a blessing to the world in any walk of life, in science, art, literature, discovery, government, very few have begun their lives with special advantages. A much greater number have worked their own way from poverty and hard circumstances and grown strong in their battles with hardships. A man's real possessions are his mind, become strong by study and thought and exercise along the lines in which he grows great, and especially his heart, which guides him in honesty and honor and justice and love to his fellowmen and points out the only right way to walk.

But of all the children who began life with little and grew to greatness, very few had so little as Abraham Lincoln. It is said that he never talked even to his intimate friends of those very early years. The first four years of life Abraham passed on a dismal and barren farm on Nolin Creek in Hardin County. Then his father bought a fine farm on Knob Creek and put a part of it under cultivation. Here they lived until the boy was seven years old.

What a lonely life for the little fellow! His

sister, a year or two older, was, no doubt often helping her mother. The two children went to school together to the only school in the neighborhood, where they learned the alphabet and not much more. But of books, toys, games and home care and petting, the little fellow knew nothing.

From a baby he wandered out by himself to find his own amusement in the lonely woods. Perhaps he, like Daniel Boone, loved the vast, beautiful woods, the stateliness of the trees—the sycamores, tulip trees, sugartrees, honey locusts, coffee trees, pawpaws, cucumber trees and black mulberries. There were not very many pines or fir trees which made it much easier for the pioneers, because they could so much more readily make a path through the woods, since the branches were high and there was not much underbrush. Then, the flowers were very beautiful, and there were so many of them in such variety.

But Abraham Lincoln when he was a young man was never a hunter like Daniel Boone. And in addition to his great tender heart, which loved all men and creatures too, there may have been another reason for this. For we can picture the lonely little fellow all by himself in the great woods, seated at the foot of some tree and making playmates of the inhabitants of these

forests, the rabbits, the squirrels, and the birds. They would not be afraid of him; they would come about him and he would welcome them. He would watch them and learn their habits and come to love them far too well ever to point his gun at any of the fur or feather denizens of the great forests. They had been his companions and friends. It was not in his heart to hurt them.

Like the barefoot boy whom the Poet Whittier writes about, little Abraham Lincoln must have learned

“Of the wild bee’s morning chase,
Of the wildflower’s time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole’s nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the groundnut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape’s clusters shine;
Of the black wasp’s cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of grey hornet artisans!—”

And the "barefoot boy" says:

"I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall."

The little shepherd boy, David, who afterwards became king of Israel, is not the only great man in history who in childhood or youth has been put out into the wilderness with fields or forests around him and the stars overhead. Many men who have brought blessings to their nation and to the world have been thus left alone for a time. Perhaps this is that they may come to depend upon themselves, to learn their own resources, to find what is in their minds and hearts, and may come to use what they find there and by using, to develop and strengthen their own powers. And also by watching the stars and the great sky spaces, to learn to have more faith in God and to rest more upon Him and grow strong.

It may have been that Abraham Lincoln was

always more sad at times for the memories of his lonely infancy and early childhood.

But, no doubt, also, he was a stronger man and understood better his own powers and how to use them.

It is with pity and love and admiration that we picture to ourselves the little boy wandering and playing, and dreaming and learning in the lonely woods.

IV.

GOING TO INDIANA.

Thomas Lincoln was a very sunny-tempered, jovial man, fond of a story and able to tell one well—a quality which his son inherited from him; but he had no ambition. He had self-respect, however, and when some bullies in his neighborhood were insolent to him, he gave them a good drubbing. He was an excellent carpenter and could do fine work when he tried; but from his life it seems as if he was not fond of taking trouble, and as if he did not know how to keep what he had. For this fine farm to which he moved when Abraham was four years old was soon lost.

He made up his mind then that Kentucky was not the State for a poor man to live in. Things had changed a good deal from the early settlement of the State. From the first, plantations had been laid out for the cultivation of tobacco, and some of the settlers had brought their

slaves to work the tobacco fields. These settlers who owned slaves felt themselves much superior to the settlers who had none and made a class by themselves and looked down upon the white men who had no slaves, just as they did in the Southern States. Now, Thomas Lincoln was a very poor man. He was ignorant also, for when his father was killed by Indians his mother had had to bring up her sons as she could and had been able to give them no advantages. But the Lincolns had always been well-to-do before that time, and it was not pleasant to Thomas to have himself and his family looked down upon as if they were good for nothing because he was not a slave owner. It may be that he did not like slavery, anyway. But his son thought that it was also because land titles were so defective in Kentucky that he resolved not to stay there.

So, Thomas made up his mind that he would move to Indiana. It cannot be denied that he was fond of moving, at any rate; for he did it so many times.

What an easy thing it would be to move from Kentucky into Indiana nowadays. But the manner in which Thomas Lincoln did it, not only proved his own poverty, but showed also how difficult travel of any kind was at that time. He built a raft and put on it his carpenter's

tools and ten barrels of whiskey, a part of the pay he had received in barter for his place, and his heavier goods of the household. Then he pushed off all by himself and floated down the Rolling Fork on which his farm was, to the Ohio River. When he landed he found a way to carry his goods into Spencer County where he had determined to settle. He left them there with a settler, crossed the Ohio again and then went back to his home on foot.

While he was away, his wife went with her little son Abraham to visit and take leave of the grave of the little child she had buried in the wilderness. Abraham always remembered this.

The removal was made on the backs of three horses, two of these borrowed. A little bedding and clothing, a few pans and kettles were all they had. The father's kit of tools was to make their furniture, and his rifle to give them their food. At the settler's where Lincoln had left his tools and his goods, he hired a wagon and they cut their way through the wilderness to a place on Little Pigeon Creek, near Gentryville which was to be their new home. It was a fine forest country.

His wife and children helped, and Lincoln built what was called "a half-faced camp." It was made of poles and protected the people in it from the weather on three sides but was all

open on the fourth. Into it flooded the winter rains and drifted the winter snows. The family lived in this place for a whole year while Lincoln was clearing a patch for planting corn and building a rough cabin for their use. This was not finished when they moved into it; but the family of Sparrows had come there from Kentucky, and they wanted the camp. So the Lincolns took possession of the cabin, and it seemed to them so comfortable after the wretched place they had been living in that they staid there for a year or two without doors or windows or floor. Thomas raised enough corn to live on; the forest with game was all around them; near his cabin he could shoot a deer readily. This would give them meat for days and leather for breeches and shoes. They had the roughest furniture; and Abraham when a boy used to climb up into his bed of leaves in the loft by a ladder made of wooden pins driven into the logs of the cabin. Abraham was between seven and eight years old when they moved to Indiana.

In the autumn of 1818, when he was a little over nine years old, he lost his mother. It was no wonder. She was a delicate young woman and could not endure the hardships of her life. The woods were full of malaria, and that autumn a form of fever attacked many of the

little community where Lincoln lived. The Sparrows died of it; and soon after Nancy Hanks Lincoln. They were all three buried in a little clearing in the dense forest all around the home of the Lincolns. The little son mourned with his father that there had been no Christian service at his mother's burial. Little Abraham in the few months that he had gone to school in Kentucky had learned to read and write, and, child as he was, he had kept practicing his writing on sand and the bark of trees, so that he not only forgot nothing that he had learned, but he gained, and could write a letter after a fashion. Both he and his father thought of the good Parson Elkin whom they had left in Kentucky; and Abraham wrote him asking him to come over to them and preach a sermon over his mother's grave. It had taken the Lincolns seven days to reach their new home from their old one on Knob Creek. But although the preacher could travel faster, it was a hundred miles through the wilderness from his home. Abraham had heard him preach, and from him had received his first ideas of public speaking.

The good man came to the sorrowing family. The whole neighborhood was told; news went from schoolhouse to schoolhouse and every family within twenty miles learned of his com-

ing. There were two hundred persons gathered to listen to him. Some came in the rudest carts; some on horseback, two or three on a horse; some in wagons drawn by oxen; and some on foot. Then they went to the little grave under the tree. Parson Elkin prayed and sang, and preached a sermon upon this beautiful Christian woman. The memory of that scene and of the preacher's words lived in little Abraham's heart. Years afterward he said to a friend: "All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother—blessings on her memory!"

Both father and mother believed in God; and we know that Abraham Lincoln always believed deeply in Him through all the great trials and responsibilities of his life. His mother could read; and when once in a great while a book came their way, she would read it to her children, who would listen to her with infinite delight. But from her patient and beautiful life they learned most of all.

With so much lonely and sad in his early life, it was no wonder that even when Abraham Lincoln grew to be a man he had moods of melancholy, as well as times of gayety when he could make everybody about him laugh at his droll stories and his bright sayings.

But while he suffered and remembered, he

spent no time in moping or selfish mourning. Already, so early as when they went to Indiana, his little axe rang out in the woods helping his father clear the farm and build the rude cabin. He was a very fine example of industrial education; for his head and his hands always kept pace. He worked and studied and thought and grew strong in mind and body.

And at this time the little pioneer was not yet ten years old.

V.

A GOOD STEP-MOTHER.

Imagine a cabin eighteen feet square built of hewn logs, a cabin with a doorway without any door, with openings for windows without any frames or windows in them, and into door and windows slanting the winter rains and drifting snows. The cabin was in the midst of the forest, there was always plenty of wood to be had for the cutting. But how much heat would the great logs manage to get into a dwelling where the bitter cold of an Indiana winter poured in unchecked through all these openings, and the dampness of the woods added a chill to the frosty air? Thomas Lincoln thought it was good enough. But even he passed a dreary winter there after the death of his wife.

In that cabin were his two children, Abraham who that season saw his tenth birthday, and his sister about two years his elder. There was not much housekeeping to be done; even the floor

was the hard earth uncovered by planks. It must have been bitterly cold. The furniture was such as other pioneers had; a few three-legged stools; a bedstead made of poles fastened to the logs in the cabin and on the outer corner held up by a stick driven into the ground. A great hewn log on four legs made the table; kettle, skillet, pot and a few tin and pewter dishes were all they had to cook with and to eat from. Abraham slept in the loft of the cabin; it has been said before that he got up there by a ladder made of wooden pegs driven in between the logs of the cabin wall.

The poor children had plenty of time that winter to remember the dear mother lying under the snow, and to grieve for her.

But this was as to hardship the dreariest and saddest year to Abraham. When another December was upon them, a great and happy change had come into the lives of these poor children. It came about in this way. One day after his wife had been dead a year, Thomas Lincoln left the cabin and the children and went to Kentucky. It was late in the autumn. There was corn enough in the house, and bacon, and they could get fresh meat in the forest; they could have wood for the chopping; and there were neighbors to go to if they should need them very much, although we should probably think

that the people they called neighbors lived a long way off. There was another boy also in the cabin, Dennis Hanks, a relative of the children's mother. That made it better for them. He had come to Indiana with the Sparrows, and after their death lived with the Lincoln household. But it was no fun for these poor little folks to wait there nearly a month with the snow drifting into the cabin, the winds howling through the forest and the little dwelling all open to the weather. The children made the best of things, however.

Then, one day in December they heard Tom Lincoln's voice shouting to them, and they all ran out of doors to see what was the matter.

There at the edge of the clearing was the father, sure enough, with a team of four horses and a lumber wagon full of furniture finer than the children had ever seen. But this was not all; it was a very small part of all. For with Mr. Lincoln was his new wife, Mrs. Sally Johnston of Kentucky. Tom used to know her when they were both young people and she was Miss Sally Bush. It is said that he wanted to marry her then, and she would not have him. But after she had married Mr. Johnston, and he had died, she changed her mind and said "yes" to Mr. Lincoln. So, here she was with her three children and her household goods, come to be

the mistress of the cabin. And more than this, a great deal—to be a true, loving mother to these little ones and to make no difference between her own children and her husband's.

It is said that what first touched her mother heart was the utter forlornness of them. Since their mother's death Abraham and his little sister had not known how to make any new clothes for themselves, or had them to make, and their father had to do the best he could for himself. They stood there pushing their bare, frost bitten feet back and forth in the snow, looking down at their tattered garments, remembering their own matted hair, their unwashed hands and faces, and gazing with a bitter sense of contrast at the neat and well-dressed children of the new mother.

But what put shyness into their greeting filled the warm mother heart of the noble woman with pity and love for the motherless ones. From that day so long as she and they lived—and she long outlived her famous step-son—the two were the children of her love as much as her very own were.

But she did not take her lovingness out in sentiment. She went straight to work on the problem before her; and it was a hard one. Her husband's children and the young stranger were made clean, and comfortably clothed. She

was a woman full of energy as well as kindness. She liked to have things about her look well. She had brought some fine furniture for those days; and she had no intention of having it in a house like that. She could not make Thomas Lincoln "hum"; for "humming," or spinning around was not in him. But she made him come as near to this as she could. It was not long before she had glass windows in the vacant frames, a door in the uncovered doorway, and good wooden flooring on the cabin, and other improvements which made it better fitted for the new furniture that looked so grand to the Lincoln children. For the new wife had "a fine bureau, a table, a set of chairs, a large clothes-chest, cooking utensils, knives, forks, bedding, and other articles, the like of which had never before been carried under any roof of Tom Lincoln's."

But Mrs. Sally Bush Lincoln possessed not only a good heart and skilful hands; she had a wise head as well. So when the house had been put into order and the children made respectable by sharing some of the clothing of her own children, she began to try to find out what kind of step-son she had in the big, shy, keen-witted, quick-tongued, warm-hearted Abe. And soon the two began to love one another with a love that lasted all their lives, and when he was

assassinated, she mourned for him as if he had been her very own son.

She was a real American in this—she believed in learning; she loved a book. She understood the boy's ambition to make something of himself, and she delighted in it and helped him forward in every way she could. She set herself to find out what Abe knew, and how he had managed to pick it up. She found that from what his own mother had taught him and what he had learned the very few months he had gone to school with his sister in Kentucky, he had learned to read and write. He did not do either very well then. But she soon found out one thing about him which was the greatest encouragement. Abe had a wonderful memory and a grip on anything he had once learned that would never let it go again; it seemed as if he were just made up of determination to keep every scrap of knowledge he had ever gained, and from this to reach up to more. He was like a mountain climber who hews out for himself with his tools a foothold in the steep rock, and then puts his foot on this and stands on it until he has cut himself out a higher step. Then he mounts into this. And so, when there is no path, he makes one, on to the top.

Mrs. Lincoln gloried in Abe's studying. She would not let him be interrupted in it; he

must read until he put down his book of his own accord; and she made his father allow him to do this. It is not necessary to say that a woman like her wanted all the children to go to the best schools there were at that time and place.

And those were strange enough.

VI.

AXE AND SCHOOL-BOOK.

A schoolmaster of the old early days of Kentucky says that his first boarding place—for then schoolmasters boarded around in the homes of their pupils—was in a house consisting of a single room sixteen feet square. In this room lived the father and mother of the family, ten children, three dogs, two cats and himself.

But it was at about this time that the University of Lexington was founded, and opportunities began to open for a wider education and betters teachers than usually were willing to live in such wilds.

In the early days of Indiana things were a good deal after the same style. Abraham Lincoln wrote of those days: "It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods. There were some schools so-called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond 'readin', writin' and

cipherin' to the Rule of Three.' If a straggler supposed to understand Latin happened to sojourn in the neighborhood, he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education."

But on Little Pigeon Creek a mile and a half from the Lincoln farm, the settlers had built a log schoolhouse; it stood near what to them was a grand new meeting-house. Hazel Dorsey was the schoolmaster. To him Mrs. Lincoln sent the boys and girls of her family. To Abe this was the opening of a new world. For when he could read and write readily, he took his education into his own hands, since there was nobody else there to teach him, and read every book he could lay his hands on. Among the very few volumes in his own home was the Bible. He learned a great deal of that by heart. It is surprising how many men who have been great as writers and orators have been familiar with the Bible; they seem to have taken to it, at least at first, not because they knew it was the great teacher, not only in life but in expression also; but more, perhaps, because in households where books were very scarce there was usually a Bible.

"Æsop's Fables" and "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress" were two of the other books that Abe read. But he did not read as we read,



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LINCOLN STUDYING BY THE FIRELIGHT.

skim today and forget tomorrow in reading something else; he would have soon been out of books in that way. He read a book over and over and copied out parts that he liked best and learned them, until that book was a part of his life, just as we masticate our food until it becomes a part of our bodies.

After all, in education it is not so much the schoolhouse that counts. Lincoln's schoolhouse was a little "cabin of round logs, with split logs for a floor, split logs roughly smoothed with an axe and set up on legs for benches, and a log cut out at one end and the space filled in with squares of greased paper for window panes." It was lighted by keeping the door open. The only books, or slates and pencils, or pens, ink and paper were what the settlers brought with them. We all know the story of how Lincoln used to put scraps of writing on pieces of bark scrawled with charcoal, or on the wooden shovel by the fireplace which he used to shave clean when it was covered with figures or writing, and begin over again. He had a very precious scrapbook, like a copybook, or notebook, where he used to write down what he wanted most to save.

And not only Lincoln, but many other great men have begun their education in very insignificant buildings; it is not the schoolhouse that

counts. It is not even the teacher, although he makes much more difference. The person who really counts is the boy—whether he wants to slip along in life and do as little as he can, or whether he means to make the best use of the talents God has given him. When a man, or a boy, takes things too easily, his mind gets flabby, like his muscles; and there is no good work coming out of him; he cannot be an athlete in brain or body.

Abe was a fine speller, and it is said that he was so ready to help out the other children when they got into hard places that when the teacher had spelling matches, he used to put Abe out of doors sometimes so that he could not help the rest. And one day came when the teacher declared that the whole school should stay until the children could spell “defied” correctly. Everybody in the school was sure there was a “y” in the word but poor Lincoln, and he was safely outside. But not so safely as the master thought. For when the word came to a little girl who was a favorite of Abe’s, there stood the boy at the window with his finger pointed straight at his eye. The little girl caught his meaning and spelled the word; and the teacher was happy in the thought that Lincoln had had nothing to do with it.

After Abraham had studied a few months

with these schoolmasters, he knew all that they could teach him. His last teacher was Swaney who taught between four and five miles from Lincoln's home. All these miles of walking seemed waste of time to Thomas Lincoln, and he soon put his son at steady work, and the boy bade good-by to school.

But all the time from a very young boy he knew what it was to work. He was so tall and strong that he did a man's work from the time he left school. He was so bright and witty that everybody liked to employ him. He was always doing kind things. Once he found a drunken man lying freezing by the roadside. His companions wanted to leave him to his fate. But Lincoln carried him on his back to the nearest tavern, sent word that he was not coming home that night, and staid and worked over the poor fellow until he revived. But Lincoln himself never took intoxicating liquor of any kind, although at that time almost everybody drank more or less. He hated it, and saw that it was a curse.

The young man was a great favorite everywhere for his capacity for hard work, his love of fun, his droll stories, his kind-heartedness. And he did not keep this kindness for the world beyond his home. Owing to the strength and loveliness of character of his step-mother and to

Abraham's own good nature and helpfulness largely, it was a happy and united household. Brothers and sisters and cousins all acknowledged that their big brother Abraham was first of them all in goodness and cleverness. Mrs. Lincoln not long before her death said to his friend, Mr. Herndon: "I can say what scarcely one mother in a thousand can say, Abe never gave me a cross word or look, and never refused in fact or appearance to do anything I asked him. His mind and mine—what little I had—seemed to run together. Abe was the best boy I ever saw or expect to see."

His fun, and he was full of it, was never viciousness or unkindness to any human creature, or dumb animal. What he must have suffered in our civil war when he was President and knew of all the wounded and suffering and dying and dead on the battlefields of our land—he who could not endure to see an animal tortured!

There are so many kinds of schools in the world, schools where books are studied; schools of hardships where men are made strong in soul and body; schools of life where men are trained in various tasks; schools of greatness where God has a special service for a man and prepares him for it by many experiences of joy and sadness, of self-denial and hardship, of perplexity

and struggle and conquest; and always by plenty of work; in every life worth living work is never left out. The great thing is to do the right kind of work, work that will endure. It is told of Lincoln that one day after he had become a lawyer and was riding the circuit, that is, going from court to court in the different counties, he began to talk to a friend about the growing corruption of the world in politics and morals. "Oh, how hard it is," he said, "to die and not be able to leave the world any better for one's little life in it!"

This was his desire in life. How wonderfully the wish of his heart was granted!

VII.

WHAT LINCOLN LIKED BEST OF ALL TO DO.

John Hanks, Lincoln's mother's cousin, said of him: "When Abe and I returned to the house from work, he would go to the cupboard, snatch a piece of cornbread, take down a book, sit down, cock his legs up as high as his head, and read."

Except for his great fondness for reading and study, his life at that time was like that of other farm-hands. He went from farm to farm and worked. He was so strong, so willing to help in an emergency, and so efficient and good-tempered that his services were always in demand. Yet while he was using his great physical strength and getting his living, although a poor one, he was always preparing for the grand life of work and leadership before him which he so little guessed in its fame, but which, no doubt, he felt from early life was a work in which

farming, crop-raising, husking and the life of the men about him had no part.

But he never made the great mistake of slighting or lightly esteeming his neighbors and comrades on account of his dreams of a great future. He used what opportunities he had—the only way to arrive at more—and he constantly reached out after the more. He was full of the greatest curiosity to know what was going on in the world and all facts that he could find about the universe, and was always picking up scraps of knowledge that went over the heads of his companions. One day when the little Polly Roby whom a few years before he had taught through the window to spell “de-fied,” had grown up and married, she came to the boat where young Lincoln was working and, happening to look up at the sky, she remarked that the sun was going down. The young man took occasion to inform her that it was the earth that moved, and not the sun. She stared at him in utter scorn. To his statement that the sun was not going down but we were “coming up,” she retorted: “Don’t you s’pose I’ve got eyes?” And when he went into further explanations as to the swinging around of the earth so that we could not see the sun, she cried: “Abe, what a fool you are!” It was of no use for the flatboatman, as he then was, to try to teach the

people along the Ohio River anything about an object so familiar to them as the sun. Like many others before and since, they believed their eyes, which in some cases we, certainly, cannot believe.

The Bible and "Æsop's Fables" which it has been said he read so much, gave Lincoln in after life many a strong illustration, and also taught him much as to the best way of putting things. The "Fables" helped him in his own stories and illustrations.

After a while he got hold of "Robinson Crusoe" and delighted in the new life it told him of and the ingenuity of Crusoe in meeting all his emergencies. "Sinbad the Sailor" revealed to him a world of wonders. A "History of the United States" was perhaps the first direct preparation which he had for the work that, long afterward, lay before him. For then he began to learn somewhat of the country which afterward he was to be the leader in saving from disunion.

When he was fifteen he found that one of his neighbors had a copy of the "Life of Washington." It was a small, thin book but full of enthusiasm for its hero. Lincoln borrowed it and read it over and over very carefully and made many notes both on his shingles and his shovel and in his precious notebook. But one

unhappy night there came a great storm; and when the boy was fast asleep it beat through the chinks of the log house and deluged the shelf on which this "Life of Washington" was lying. The next morning Abe discovered the book soaked and ruined! And there was not another "Life of Washington" in that part of Indiana! The poor boy took home the dilapidated book and offered to pay for it in work, since he had no money. It had been soiled and thumbed and dog's-eared when he borrowed it; but the owner took advantage of the accident and made the boy pull fodder for three days in payment. Then it became Abe's own. But later Abe in some ways "got even" with the old gentleman who had made him pay so much for the volume.

Whenever new settlers came and brought one or more volumes with them, Abe borrowed these if he could. He seemed to scent out a book as a hunter scents game. And when he borrowed, he did not return until he had read the books over and over again, and brought into use his shingle and charcoal or his wooden shovel and his notebook for the quotations he wanted to keep or the thoughts that the books inspired in him. It was good practice that he had to make his own sentences as compact as possible for lack of paper; it taught him condensation which often means power of expression.

It is interesting that Lincoln's first effort to express himself on paper at sufficient length to be considered a composition should have been called forth by his compassion for a little creature that was suffering and his indignation at his own young companions who were torturing it. For the boys had put a live coal on the back of a terrapin. When Abe saw it crawling along in the anguish of its burning, he broke out into indignant protest against the torturers for their wanton cruelty. No doubt he made a good defence; and he was always listened to, for what he said was always interesting and convincing. So, we may well believe that he saved the poor terrapin from further torture; for he was a friend to all the helpless creatures of the woods. After his plea he began to put down on his shingle, or his shovel, a part of what he had said to the boys; he added to this, until, at last, there stood in his notebook his first composition: "Cruelty to Animals." Then he perceived that he could put words on paper and make them effective.

What a long road from this first plea for kindness toward the creatures beneath us to his wonderful speech upon the battlefield of Gettysburg, a speech that, all the world over, is considered one of the most beautiful and touching in the English language! A long road it was

from one to the other; and every step of it was taken with labor, although many steps with labor that he loved; and not a few were in the sorrow of a great heart that mourned for suffering and bloodshed in our nation where men were fighting each other to the death. He had a wonderful mind as leader and guide of our people to higher truths. But his ever true and ever loving heart has taught us the better to understand the words of Longfellow:

“It is the heart, and not the brain,
That the highest doth attain.”

It is significant that his first essay which his playmates alone heard, and, less than two years before his death, his immortal words to his country and the world should both be full of tenderness for suffering. One reproves his mates for bringing it cruelly upon a little creature. And it was this very spirit which led him on through the long years to reverencing the consecration of suffering when the cause was worthy of it.

Abraham Lincoln was an ideal American in many ways. And he was one of the builders up of a new continent in this way, that he did not study for the sake of the knowledge alone; he had not the spirit of the lonely student who hugs what he learns and loves it for itself and lives in

it and for it and wants nothing further. This in its own way brings gain in knowledge and helps the world also. But this was not what we needed at that time; it was not Abraham Lincoln's work. Life among men and power over them, noble power to lead them to good was to be his part in life; and, even when a boy, he was making himself ready for the leadership which was to be his one day.

For he not only wrote down his thoughts, he spoke them out. For the boy's mind was like a living spring, it had to bubble over. If he found no comrades to listen to his fun or his earnest—and he usually did find them—but if not, then the woods, the birds, the very frogs must listen in their way; for an audience he must and would have. Year after year he went on preparing for the time when great words of his should help to sway the hearts of the nation into daring to be honest and just. For no man on the face of the earth, no matter what his name or rank, can ever be greater, or so great as the man who helps to turn the lives of other men into noble thoughts and deeds. So, Lincoln began early; and he kept at it all his life. For the man to whom the hardest work of the world is given has no time to be idle; he does not get it done by letting things come along as they will.

VIII.

AMONG HIS COMRADES.

After Little Pigeon Creek became more settled, there was frequently preaching at the meeting house there. Mrs. Sally Lincoln always went, and insisted upon her husband accompanying her. When the children were left at home after their elders were out of sight, the family Bible would come down from the shelf and Abe would find a text, and when a hymn or two had been sung he would start off upon a sermon. Sometimes this was earnest enough; but, generally, it was an imitation of some traveling preacher that they had heard, and was excellent mimicry.

Abraham was not a perfect boy, and he was far from being a "goody-goody" boy. He liked fun and plenty of it, as all persons do who are capable of hard work. Some of his employers said of him that he "liked his dinner and his play better than his work." But if

shirking had been his habit, he would never have been sought after everywhere, as he was, to do all kinds of hard work that others failed in, and to help out in an emergency. The fact was that he always had his book at hand to read in his leisure moments, he was always studying and thinking out questions that came to him with his reading; and the people around him did not understand it; they thought that work like this was idleness.

Then, it probably was aggravating to a farmer in a hurry to get his harvest in to find Abe mounted on a stump making burlesque speeches or delivering comic sermons while the hired hands stood or sat about him in delight, and the harvest had to wait. He used to anger the persons at whom his satires and chronicles were directed and make fun of them for the rest of the community. He was descended from Quakers and had a real love of peace; but when he was fairly in a quarrel, the other side generally had the worst of it.

The people among whom Lincoln lived at that time would seem very strange to us. Their houses were for the most part of one room built of round logs with the bark on. Their dress was principally of tanned deer-hide which was very uncomfortable when the wearer was caught in a shower, it shrank and grew so tight. Their

shoes were made of the same, and somebody called a wet moccasin "a decent way of going barefoot."

Pigeon Creek was much interested in politics; and young Lincoln soon began to give these a good share of his attention. It was no wonder; for they were largely discussed in neighborly visits and chats. In Pigeon Creek a whole family would go over to call upon another family and always find a welcome. If there happened not to be chairs and benches enough for the whole party to sit down upon, some were always ready to be satisfied with the floor. If apples were scarce, or their hosts had used up their supply of these, "a plate of raw potatoes or turnips, nicely washed, could be offered instead, with a bottle of whiskey; and there was the very soul of liberality in the offering." It has been said before that Abraham could never bring himself to use any kind of intoxicating liquor, and after a while he used to speak and write against it.

Abraham in going from house to house and farm to farm among these people was learning much of their character which, later, was of great use to him. And he, no doubt, remembered many of their old superstitions. They thought a great deal of luck, and used to believe in witchcraft; when a person thought himself

bewitched, he used to shoot "at the image of the witch with a bullet melted out of a half dollar." If a dog crossed a hunter's path it spoiled his day, unless he at once hooked his little fingers together and pulled until the dog had taken himself out of sight. They believed in witch-hazel, or the divining rod, and thought a great deal of "cure by faith," perhaps as much as many do today. If a wagon with a load of baskets drove past a house it meant rain; they had rules for plantings and sowings, and all farm work; they must fell trees for fence-rails before noon; fences built when there was no moon would give way; but that was the right time for planting potatoes; they had much faith in the influence of the moon.

But with all the superstitions about fence-rails, it never occurred to Abe, or anybody else, that the rails he and John Hanks split and put around the new home of the family when the Lincolns first moved to Illinois would ever be heard of throughout the nation. Nobody then foresaw the day that John Hanks would walk into a public meeting with two of these rails on his shoulder, and kindle the whole country to enthusiasm by means of them and what they told of Abraham Lincoln's faithful work and his ability to conquer all the obstacles of his life and

stand the ideal of the working man who had made the best of American opportunities.

It was when the family were on their way to the Illinois home in the March of 1830, a two weeks' tramp over roads so muddy as to be almost impassable, that one of the lovable traits of Lincoln's character came out. After crossing one of the swollen and dangerous streams on their passage, it was found that a little dog belonging to the Lincolns had fallen behind on the march and had reached the opposite side of the river too late. There he stood whining and leaping in terror and making piteous appeal to his owners. For the little creature was afraid to plunge into the water running over the broken ice. The people thought that it would not pay to go back for a dog; they were anxious to get on and could not think of putting the oxen over again. So they resolved to go on and leave the little animal to his fate which would have been sad enough. But Abe was of a different mind; he pulled off his shoes and stockings, waded through the icy water and back again bringing the happy dog under his arm.

Lincoln had been more and more away from his father's farm and among those of the neighbors where he was earning wages; he had come to perceive that he must work for himself, since

his father would never do anything worth while. But when Thomas Lincoln came to doing less and less, leaving his work for others, Mrs. Lincoln insisted that somebody must keep things in order about the place; and this Abe and Dennis Hanks did. Then when finding that the region of Indiana where they had settled was unhealthy, and going to Illinois where John Hanks had already established himself, Abraham did all that he could to make the new home comfortable. How good it seems to remember that these very rails which he split in helping to build the fence for the step-mother whom he always loved and cared for should have been heard of all over the land!

At this time he was twenty-one; and he started in life for himself. But he seemed to have nothing except the right to come and go as he liked. He had no trade or profession; it seemed as if he could be nothing but wood-chopper, boatman, or a farmer. But he could do hard work and he had employment. He did not love drudgery, but he did it faithfully, like everything else he did; and the people on the Sangamon River began to find out how interesting he was, as those in Indiana where he used to live had done.

For all the time although he was in appearance so rough, and seemed to be only a common

workman, a wonderful genius was in him that the men around him were already beginning to discover. He was one day to be a great orator; and he was always preparing for it. In Indiana debating societies and all meetings had heard his voice. And now in Illinois the autumn he arrived, there was quite a political excitement and a man traveling through the country stump-speaking, came to Decatur where he made a speech. John Hanks was contemptuous. He declared that Abe Lincoln could beat that all hollow. "Abe, try him on," he pursued. A box was turned over for the young man to stand upon; and then and there Abraham Lincoln began his career as stump-speaker in Illinois. There must have been a kindness and a charm about him; for the man whom he had beaten completely was astonished and asked him "where he learned to do it?"

All that year Lincoln was still a farm hand. But another year something else opened for him.

IX.

HIS TRIPS TO NEW ORLEANS.

To read about places and people, and to see with one's own eyes are so different! It must have been that the boy Abe often longed to catch at least a glimpse of the great world he was so fond of studying about. He once asked a friend to recommend him to some steamboat on the Ohio River. But when the friend reminded him that his father had a right to his time for a few years longer, Abe gave up the idea of going out into the world, for a while. But in 1828 the opportunity came to him, and he took it eagerly. This was when he was living in Indiana. Mr. Gentry the great man of the neighborhood wanted a young man to go down to New Orleans in a flatboat with his son, the young man who had married Abe's little school-mate, Polly Roby. He offered Abe the position of "bow-hand," or bow-oar, with his rations and eight dollars a month and his return passage

on a steamboat paid; for the boat could not come back; flatboats go down stream, not up. The boat was to be loaded with bacon and other produce for a trading trip down the Mississippi.

The money was much to Abe who had none. But the prospect of getting a glimpse of the world outside his narrow home was much more to him.

There were sights and suggestions in this trip which Abraham never forgot. Before this time he had written an essay on temperance which had been printed in a country newspaper, and he was eager to do much more. He had written another about the necessity of education for all the people. He began early in life to think of the people and their needs and rights. He had seen how injurious degraded poverty and intemperance were to white people. On this trip he saw also the hardest side of slavery, negroes on the boats and the wharves working and lashed by their overseers, negroes in the cotton fields, also driven and lashed when any fault, or even the unjust anger of the overseer brought punishment upon them. And, worst of all, he saw men and women and children in the slave markets handled and bought and sold as if they were beasts of burden. He never forgot these sights. He had been opposed to slavery before that time; but such scenes helped him to

know all the better why he ought to do what was in his power to prevent the extension of slavery into new Territories and States acquired by our government.

But all this came later. During his voyage he helped to draw up the clumsy flatboat at the different wharves where they stopped, and in selling the goods the boys both did well. Gentry made more money; but Lincoln brought home a wider knowledge and understanding of the things that they had both seen on the trip. One night they had quite an adventure. The flatboat was attacked by negroes who attempted to rob it; and both Lincoln and Gentry had to make a brave defence to drive off the thieves. But they did it.

It was two years later, in the winter of 1830-31, that the second opportunity to go down to New Orleans came to Lincoln. This time it was to be in company with John Hanks, his mother's cousin; and afterward John Johnston, Lincoln's foster brother, was taken into the party. They were to go with a merchant, Denton Offutt, and to meet him at Springfield. So, in the spring when the rivers broke up and the melting snows poured into every brook and stream, the three young men paddled down the Sangamon River, perhaps the only way they could get there, to

within five miles of Springfield and then walked these five miles to keep their engagement with Offutt.

But Offutt had been attending to so many other things that he was so far from being ready for his boatmen that he had no flatboat bought. If they wanted to go to New Orleans, the first thing they must do was to build one. They cut the timber and built the boat—a good, strong one—and went down the current of the Sangamon in it to New Salem. You will not find it on the map; for today there is no New Salem; that queer little town was settled only a short time before Lincoln went there to live, and all went to nothing after he had gone away from it to make his home in Springfield.

Lincoln's first appearance in New Salem was made in a way that interested the people in him. Offutt's boat had stuck on a milldam on the river, and there it hung, the fore part high in air, the stern shipping water from the Sangamon. About all the people of New Salem stood there on the banks, watching the unhappy boat; and nobody knew how to do anything to help out matters except "the bow-oar," a great tall fellow "with his trousers rolled up some five feet" says an account of him. That was Lincoln. He waded about the boat, rigged up some contrivance to unload the cargo and tilt the

boat. Then he bored a hole through the bottom and let out the water; and straightened the boat and brought it safely to mooring below the dam. Then the hole was stopped up, the cargo put in again, and the boat went on her way. His employer was full of admiration for Lincoln's cleverness. The party made a quick trip down the Sangamon to the Illinois, and from there down the Mississippi to New Orleans. It was in some respects like the former voyage with young Gentry. But Lincoln was older and all that he saw made a deeper impression upon him. John Hanks said of Lincoln on this voyage when he saw the slaves chained, whipped and scourged: "Lincoln saw it; his heart bled; said nothing much, was silent, looked bad."

Ten years later he made another water trip with Joshua Speed, a friend whom he knew in Kentucky. Long afterward he said to him, speaking of the "tedious trip" on the steamer from Louisville to St. Louis: "You may remember, I well do, that from Louisville to the mouth of the Ohio there were on board ten or a dozen slaves shackled together with irons. That sight was a continual torment to me, and I see something like it every time I touch the Ohio, or any other slave border. It is not fair for you to assume that I have no interest in a thing which has, and continually exercises, the power

of making me miserable." So, from his early youth Lincoln had the thought of slavery and the hatred of it on his heart. But he never wanted freedom by violence; but by the laws of his country; and he longed for the day of freedom. He could not see that God would grant to him as a right and a duty to give freedom to four millions of human beings. That was not his business now. All he had to do was the best at the time; and that he always did; he walked as straight on toward his work as if he had seen it, always getting ready for what was to come. Abraham Lincoln's fame and honors did not come to him by chance; the best things never do; he earned them.

After this trip to New Orleans on Offutt's boat, the party went up the river again in early summer, and when they reached St. Louis, Abraham and his foster brother, John Johnston, walked across country to see Mr. Thomas Lincoln who by that time had made another move. Abraham never lost sight of his parents even when his home was no longer with them. From time to time he paid them visits, and even when he himself was very poor he helped them out with money. His only own sister, Sarah, had married and died while they were in Indiana.

When Lincoln went back to New Salem, on

the day of his arrival a local election was being held. But one of the two clerks was ill and the question was where to find a substitute who could write. When young Lincoln appeared upon the scene, the people asked him if he could write. He said that he "could make a few rabbit tracks." So, he was the clerk for that day. The people remembered his wading into the Sangamon River and rescuing the flat-boat stuck high and dry on the milldam. Now they learned another accomplishment of his. Soon they were to find out others.

For Mr. Offutt had hired him to help keep store which Lincoln did when his employer's goods arrived. Meanwhile, he found odds and ends of work to do. Mr. Offutt was so fond of Lincoln and so proud of him that he was never tired of boasting about him. His clerk was the most wonderful young man, he said; there was nothing he did not know; there was nothing he could not do.

There was a set of roughs in New Salem; they called themselves "Clary's Grove Boys." They did all sorts of rowdyish things and when strangers came to town they were apt to give them somewhat of a hazing to find out what stuff they were made of. These Clary's Grove Boys were tired of hearing Abraham Lincoln praised up to the skies, and they made up

their minds to "take him down a bit." And they proposed a wrestling match. Lincoln wanted nothing of all this "wooling and pulling" as he called it. But the Clary's Grove Boys had a champion, Jack Armstrong, who, they were sure, could beat Lincoln, or anybody else, and they were determined to try it. So Abe was obliged to show his mettle. Jack Armstrong had a bet to throw him.

X.

HOW HE KEPT SHOP; WHAT CAME OF IT.

When Jack Armstrong closed with the tall stranger for his wrestling match he soon found that he had got hold of new material; he had never wrestled with anybody like him before. The Clary's Grove Boys all clustered around; and when they found that their pet and bully, Jack Armstrong, was not likely to come out victor, they all gathered about Lincoln and tried to pull him down. By that time Lincoln's temper was fully aroused. He caught Armstrong and held him in his arms like a child and nearly choked the life out of him. For a minute it looked as if there would be a general fight. But Lincoln with his back against the wall standing so strong and unafraid made them change their minds; they respected him; they admired him. As for Jack Armstrong whom he had so thoroughly beaten, he became one of Lincoln's warmest admirers and champions.

The young man had no more battles to fight with the Clary's Grove Boys. Indeed, he often interfered to prevent their ill treatment of strangers and became a general peacemaker in the neighborhood. Nobody questioned that he knew how to fight; so it was well understood that his suggestions of peace never came from fear, and he was listened to and respected. It seems strange that this victory of his over that wild set of young men should have really made a difference in his life, and given him a position of influence and a certain authority in the community and prepared the way for his political career. But it did so. His personal strength and his knowledge how to use this made him looked up to by the people of that new country where physical strength and skill counted for so much. And his other qualities did the rest.

For the people of New Salem soon found out how interesting he was and what good stories he could tell; his encounter with Jack Armstrong traveled far and they admired his pluck and courage as well as his wit. They admired, too, his being able to fill in all the hard places and bring things out straight when other people could not do it. For Lincoln was always ready to take trouble. If a thing was to be done whether in work or study, he never hesitated because it might happen that he did not want

to do it. Indeed, there never was a human being in the world worth anything, and there never will be one, who has not done and who will not do hundreds of things that he did not or will not want to do. This strengthens the mind and will as truly as exercise strengthens the muscles. So, Abe had his good times when people came around him and listened to his stories and his comical rhymes and they all laughed and joked together.

But there was something more, another trait in him that won him a nickname which afterward became known all over the country; he never lost it, for he always deserved it. For it was while he was keeping store for Mr. Offutt that he gained the name of "honest Abe." Dr. Holland tells us how Lincoln could not rest for an instant if he had, even without meaning it, defrauded anybody. He says that one day Lincoln sold a woman a little bill of goods. She paid it and went away. When he came to add up the bill again, to make sure of its being correct, he found that he had taken six and a quarter cents too much from her. It was night. He shut and locked the store and walked two or three miles to the woman's house and gave back to her the money he had unconsciously defrauded her of. At another time he was just closing the store for the night when a woman

came in and asked for half a pound of tea. He weighed it out. She paid for it and went home. And Lincoln closed the store and went home also. But the next morning he found that there had been a quarter instead of a half pound weight on the scales; he had sold the woman only a quarter of a pound of tea, and she paid for half a pound. He shut up the store again and took a long walk before breakfast to carry the woman the rest of her tea. Nothing was too trifling for Lincoln to be honest about. For this honesty in the goods under his hand was only evidence of the deeper honesty to truth and principle within him which one day was to win him the confidence of the nation.

But Lincoln's love of peace was founded on no submission to bullying, as he one day showed while he was in Mr. Offutt's store. A rough fellow was making himself especially offensive by loud swearing when women were present. Lincoln asked him to be silent. This was enough to enrage the bully, and Lincoln had to follow him into the street and fight it out with him then and there. The battle did not last long; Lincoln threw him to the ground at once and picking a handful of dog-fennel which grew all about, he rubbed the fellow's face and eyes with it until he cried out for mercy. Then Lincoln having punished the rough, brought water

and bathed his face and eyes and sent him away comforted and a good deal wiser. It did not need many fights like this to make people let Lincoln alone.

While he was clerk in Offutt's store he began to study English grammar. He consulted Mr. Menton Graham, the schoolmaster of New Salem, and his friend, upon the matter, and the latter advised him by all means to study grammar if he intended ever to speak in public. Lincoln learned of a text book upon this subject owned by a man living seven or eight miles away. His long limbs soon measured this distance and he bought the book. The work of Mr. Offutt's store did not take up all his time, and his friend, Mr. Herndon, tells of how young Lincoln would stretch out at full length on the counter—it must have been a long counter—his head propped against a stack of calico prints, studying his grammar; or sometimes he went off under the shade of a tree and spent "hours at a time in a determined effort to fix in his mind the arbitrary rule that 'adverbs qualify verbs, adjectives and other adverbs.'" Often Mr. Graham helped him. After his grammar, he would turn to mathematics for "relaxation." Thus he was studying, studying, reading, reading—a habit that in some form he kept up all his life.

In the evenings Lincoln would often go over to the cooper shop and read there by burning shavings, one kindled from another, because candles were scarce and dear and his small wages could not afford these. That year there were debating clubs, and Abe used to walk six or seven miles to some of these. One of them, however, was held at an old storehouse in New Salem. It was at this club that Lincoln made his first speech in Illinois. The men in these clubs were all rough, uneducated men. Still, the practice was good for the young politician. This first speech of his was upon a subject of great interest to the people of the region who believed that the Sangamon River, a branch of the Illinois, was navigable, and that Springfield could be reached by water from the Ohio.

When the little steamer, "Talisman," made the attempt, Lincoln was her pilot, and carried her past the dam above New Salem. But nobody can make a boat float in water too shallow for it; and Lincoln showed his skill by getting the "Talisman" down stream again.

XI.

THE BLACK HAWK WAR.

A lady who used to know Lincoln when he was a school boy, told his friend, Mr. Herndon, of the school exhibitions of those days—declamations, dialogues and debates. The declamations were chiefly from a book called “The Kentucky Preceptor.” Lincoln had often used it, she said. The questions for discussion were such as called for thought and power. One of these was: “Which has the most right to complain, the Indian, or the Negro?” If Lincoln had ever studied it, and we may be sure that nothing in the book had escaped him, he may have had a different opinion from most people as to the rights and wrongs of the Indians and our general policy toward them.

But when Black Hawk, the old Sac chief, kept up his raiding of land ceded to the white man and at last brought over a large band of warriors having been promised aid by other

tribes, Gov. Reynolds called for volunteers to move the tribe of Black Hawk across the Mississippi, for the settlers in the neighborhood had been in terror. In the summer of 1831, after having been driven across the Mississippi, Black Hawk had made a solemn treaty never to come to the east side again, unless by permission of the President or of the Governor of Illinois. But in the summer of 1832 there he was again. He said that he and the young men with him had come to "plant corn." But he marched up the Rock River, expecting to be joined by other tribes. These, however, would not come to him. The truth was that the poor chief was old and loved the lands where the graves of his fathers were and where he would have his own to be; and, most of all, could not keep away from the place where his beloved daughter was buried. Every year he had made a pilgrimage to her grave, and he was not willing to give this up, even if he died for it.

General Atkinson commanding the United States troops there sent a command to Black Hawk to return. But Black Hawk refused, and the Governor called for volunteers. Abraham Lincoln was one of the first to respond. In those days the volunteer companies chose their captains just like an election. When this company assembled on the green and some one pro-

posed an election, three-fourths of the men walked across to where Lincoln was standing; that was their way of voting. The man who received the other quarter of the votes was one of some wealth from another town; and Lincoln had once tried to work for him, but he had been so overbearing that he could not be endured. Now when the majority had decided, all the others turned and came with them. So, Lincoln was this man's captain. But he was too generous ever to take advantage of this.

Lincoln has said that nothing ever gave him more pleasure than this first recognition of him as a leader. How little the young man understood then that he was to learn something of army life that would be of service to him in the great struggle of the nation where he was to be, not captain of a company, but commander-in-chief of army and navy, as every President is. The volunteers did not understand military rules as the regular soldiers did, and many things in their drilling and getting into order were amusing. Some of Lincoln's droll stories were about the drills he used to give his men. One morning he was marching at the head of his company. The men were marching twenty abreast when they came to a gate. They could not possibly get through the gate twenty abreast and they could not change their order

without the command of their captain, and their captain could not remember the military term to turn the company endwise. But up they were marching nearer and nearer to the gate, and something had to be done. Lincoln had not taken boats up and down shallow rivers and slipped them off their grounding on falls, and done so many difficult tasks, to be stopped by a gatepost. "Halt!" he shouted, facing round to the men. "This company will break ranks for two minutes and form again on the other side of the gate!" So they got through all right, but not in military style.

But if the young captain was not skilled in military manœuvres, he had plenty of wit and keenness and was never slow to defend those needing defence, no matter to whom he spoke. The officers and soldiers of the regular army despised and laughed at the volunteers, as all regular army men do. Lincoln could not help this. But there was another thing quite different. For they disliked the volunteers so much that they were unfair to them in rations and pay and in duties assigned to them. One day an improper order came to Captain Lincoln. He obeyed it. But he went immediately to protest against it and against the injustice done his men and the other volunteers. Mr. Stoddard

in his "Life of Lincoln" tells that he said to the officer:

"Sir, you forget that we are not under the rules and regulations of the War Department at Washington; are only volunteers under the orders and regulations of Illinois. Keep in your own sphere and there will be no difficulty; but resistance will hereafter be made to your unjust orders. And, further, my men must be equal in all particulars, in rations, arms, camps, &c., to the regular army."

Things improved at once. Lincoln had won. But it was a brave thing for him to do and very expressive of his character. For when he knew he was in the right, there was no human being whom he was afraid to speak to and declare the right; and all his life he was studying how to be able to say this right in the clearest way and make most people see it and believe it. All the volunteers who were better fed and better treated for this bold protest held Lincoln in higher esteem than ever.

When his company's term of service was over and the company had been mustered out, Lincoln with a number of others re-enlisted. Then he was a private; and he enjoyed himself during the short time he was there. For he was out of service before the battle, which was more a massacre, in which nearly all the young braves

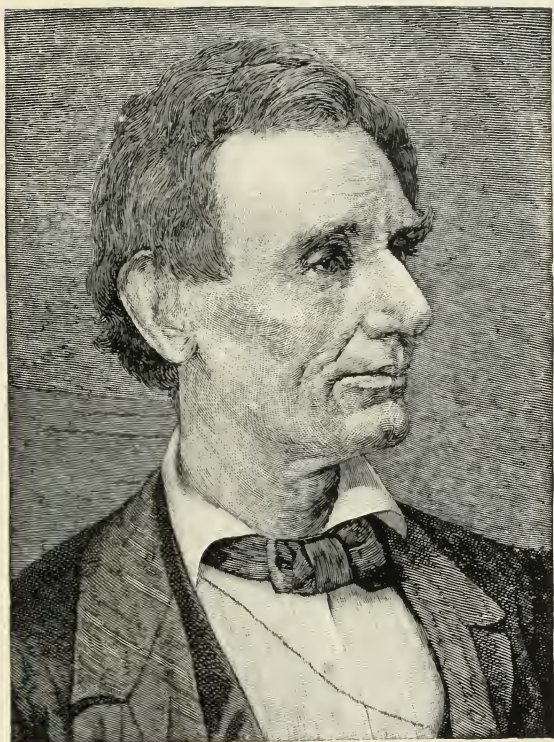
were killed and the Indians completely defeated. When Black Hawk was captured and carried to Washington, he said to President Jackson: "I am a man, and you are another. I did not expect to conquer the white people. I took up the hatchet to avenge injuries which could no longer be borne." Nicolai and Hay whose history gives this speech of the old Indian chief, refer at the same time to Lincoln's call for troops at the beginning of the civil war, "'to redress wrongs already long enough endured.'"

It is good to know that Lincoln was not in any fight with these poor savages whose greatest fault often was that we wanted their land and got it at much too cheap a price, since we made them sell it. But he, really, almost got into a fight once with his own men while he was captain, and that was for an Indian. Mr. Stoddard tells the story. An old Indian trusting to the protection of a written passport from Gen. Cass and saying that he was a friend of the white man—as many Indians were—one day came into camp. The soldiers had been having a hard time of it with short rations and other privations and they were all ready to think every Indian a kind of wild beast to be killed wherever they could get him.

The poor old savage was alone, helpless, hungry and trying to get food and he saw

a host of angry men rushing at him to murder him. They had almost done it, when a tall man in captain's uniform rushed between them and the Indian. "Men! This must not be done! He must not be killed by us!" cried Lincoln. "But Captain, that Indian is a spy!" cried one in the crowd. The men were so angry and so determined, that for a few moments it looked as if they might kill their Captain himself rather than be balked of their pray. But at last they yielded sullenly.

That fight of Lincoln's for the life of the harmless old Indian was the best fight of all that war. And his saving the life of the old man the best victory.



LINCOLN IN EARLY LIFE.

From a woodcut.

XII.

STUMPING FOR ELECTION.

When Lincoln came home from the war with Black Hawk and his Indians, the election for the State Legislature was only ten days off and he had offered himself as candidate for representative from his own district. In those days candidates were not nominated as they are now by convention; but a man stood forth and announced himself as candidate and declared his political principles and made speeches at different places to induce people to vote for him. At this time Lincoln, as he always did, announced his platform clearly in a circular dated in March before he went to the war. He was a Whig, favored a national bank, a liberal system of internal improvements and a high protective tariff. He took up all the leading questions that at the time interested the people of the State, railroads, river navigation, especially the question of improving the Sangamon River

in which his county was much interested, and other matters. He dwelt particularly on the need of public education. In ending he said: "I was born and have ever remained in the most humble walks of life. I have no wealthy or popular friends or relatives to recommend me. My case is thrown exclusively upon the independent voters of the county; and if elected, they will have conferred a favor upon me for which I shall be unremitting in my labors to compensate. But if," he finished, "the good people in their wisdom shall see fit to keep me in the background, I have been too familiar with disappointments to be very much chagrined."

The time was too short to do much electioneering. Lincoln made a few speeches in the neighborhood of New Salem and one at Springfield. He had often a rough audience. Once he saw a ruffian attack a friend of his in the crowd, and as the contest was not going as Lincoln wished, he stepped down from the stump, seized the fighting rowdy by the neck and threw him about ten feet; then he mounted the platform again and went on with his speech, his logic unchecked by the episode. The day Lincoln went to Springfield, Judge Logan who was afterward his law partner, saw him for the first time. "He was a very tall, gawky, rough-looking fellow

then," the Judge said of Lincoln, "his pantaloons didn't meet his shoes by six inches. But after he began speaking I became very much interested in him. He made a very sensible speech. His manner was very much the same as in after life; that is, the same peculiar characteristics were apparent then, though in after years he evinced more knowledge and experience. But he had then the same novelty and the same peculiarity in presenting his ideas. He had the same individuality that he kept through all his life."

We can believe this. There was never but one Abraham Lincoln and he could not have been like anybody else had he tried; and he was too busy in his work to ever think of trying.

He was defeated in this election, the only time in his life in which he was defeated when he went before the people. If it had depended upon the people of New Salem, things would have gone differently, for he was such a favorite in his own town that he had two hundred and seventy-seven votes while only three went against him. But this defeat was not all loss; he had had practice in public speaking, and he had made friends of importance, Judge Logan, Major Stuart and others; he was getting to be better known, and wherever he was known he was liked.

But he was face to face with the question how to get a living. He had been in the army, he was in politics, he ought not to be a day laborer; he wanted some occupation that would support him and at the same time give him opportunity to study. Years before he had read his first law book, "The Revised Statutes of Indiana." Other law books had followed; but not yet had he seriously devoted himself to the study of law. He meant to do it, however; and he wanted time for this while he was in some other way earning his daily bread. Mr. Offutt's business had gone to wreck. Two of his friends in New Salem, the Herndon brothers, were then keeping a grocery store which they wanted to sell out; it was one of those country stores where everything was kept. One brother sold out his share to an idle fellow named Berry, the other one sold out to Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln and Berry, now partners, also bought out another man and thus became owners of the only store in the village. They hadn't any money with which to do this buying; they gave notes for everything.

Now, if Lincoln had been destined for a multi-millionaire, he would soon have freed himself from his worthless partner and from little to larger his ventures would have grown; he would have thrown up other interests and gone into making money. But making money was the one

thing Lincoln could never do, which does not mean that from early childhood he did not support himself and help others; he never was so needy that he could not lend a helping hand; when he was going about from place to place often working for his board alone, it used to be said of him that he visited the fatherless and the widows and chopped their wood. But the nation and the world have reason to be grateful that Lincoln was not built for a millionaire or cared to be one. He is one of our noblest examples of what can be done and won, without wealth; and it is worth remembering. For the man who gives his money for a good cause does much. But the man who gives his life does far more. It is quite a feat to make four million dollars. But it is a wonderful destiny to make four million men free. To this task in the preparation and the doing Abraham Lincoln gave his life, in strength, in work; and, at last, his very life's blood in martyrdom. It costs a great price to do a great work.

It was not strange that Lincoln's heart was elsewhere than in weighing out sugars and teas—although we know that when he did weigh he took care to do it honestly—and he thought more of the time that his business would give him than of the money which ought to come from it. So, he would often lie on the counter

when no one was there, or on his back under a tree, his feet against the trunk, with his books and leave the storekeeping to Berry. And Berry, although he had no ambition for political life and ought to have looked after the store, preferred to spend much of his time in the back shop drinking up the liquors which were then kept in these country stores. As no business looks after itself, it was not very long before matters went from bad to worse. The store, as Lincoln put it, "winked out."

Then, the promissory notes were to be paid and neither partner had any money to pay them with. Berry settled his share of the business by running away. So, the whole burden of responsibility fell upon Lincoln. He took it upon his broad and honest shoulders and carried it for years and years; and so heavy a burden was it for a young man struggling for a living that he and his friends used to call it "the national debt," and so have their joke over what was in itself very far from a joke. It was years, as has been said, before that burden of debt was lifted from Lincoln's shoulders, and then only by his having paid it little by little, but wholly paid it—another evidence of how well he deserved his title of "honest Abe."

For a time after his store "winked out," he did whatever he could find to do, often working

for his board alone. In 1833 he was appointed postmaster of New Salem and held this office for three years. The salary must have been very small but there was no heavy work connected with the office, for the letters were so few that he used to be himself the walking post-office. People would look him up and ask for letters, and Lincoln would take off his hat and search for them there; his hat was the largest mailbag necessary! It is said of him—and we must believe it—that he read all the papers and magazines that came to his post-office.

Dr. Holland tells a beautiful story of him in connection with this office. He says that several years afterwards, after Lincoln had become a lawyer and had been to the legislature and had passed through great poverty and had many hard experiences, one day when he was in his partner's law-office, an agent of the post-office department came in and inquired for Abraham Lincoln. When Mr. Lincoln answered, the agent said he had called to collect a balance due the department since the New Salem post-office had been given up. Mr. Lincoln looked perplexed for a moment, and some friends in the office said: "Lincoln, if you're in want of money, let us help you." Lincoln said nothing, but rose and pulled out from a pile of books a little old trunk and asked the agent how much

the debt was. The man told him. Lincoln opened the trunk, pulled out a little package of coin wrapped up in a cotton rag, and counted out the exact sum amounting to over seventeen dollars. After the agent had gone, Lincoln said quietly that he never used any man's money but his own. In all his straits he had been too truly "honest Abe" to touch that money.

After the store was done for, when Lincoln was looking for something else to do, work came to him. John Calhoun of Springfield, surveyor of Sangamon County, needed an assistant, and asked Lincoln to help him and gave him all the work in the immediate neighborhood of New Salem.

Lincoln accepted the position and the work. He knew nothing whatever of surveying; but he was going to know a great deal about it, and very soon, too; he was not the man to undertake any work and not do it well. So he began to study surveying with the same energy that he had studied everything else. Mr. Calhoun lent him a book; the second master, Mentor Graham, lent him his aid; and in six weeks' close study Lincoln was a surveyor. Finally, he became a better one than Mr. Calhoun himself.

XIII.

IN VANDALIA.

Lincoln, as has been said, was a Whig. Mr. Calhoun was a strong Democrat. Before the young man would accept the position of assistant surveyor from him, he inquired if he should be expected to renounce his principles and turn Democrat; for much as he needed the work, he would not take it on those terms. And he did not. It was not a small matter to fit himself for the work so thoroughly and quickly as he did; it cost him very hard study and plenty of it. That he was ready to give; but he would not sell his vote to any man.

As a surveyor he was so fair and just that he was often sent for to settle disputed boundaries. Herndon tells an incident where after much discussion the parties agreed to send for Lincoln and to abide by his decision. “ ‘He came with compass, flag-staff and chain,’ ” said Mr.

McHenry whom Herndon quotes. “ ‘He stopped with me three or four days,’ ” he added, “ ‘and surveyed the whole section. When in the neighborhood of the disputed corner by actual survey, he called for his staff and driving it in the ground at a certain spot said, “Gentlemen, here is the corner.” We dug down into the ground at the point indicated and lo! there we found about six or eight inches of the original stake sharpened at the end, and beneath this was the usual piece of charcoal placed there by the surveyor who laid the ground off for the government many years before.” Lincoln had done so fairly and well that everybody went away satisfied.

With his income as surveyor, small enough, and his salary as postmaster of New Salem, still smaller, Lincoln was getting on well—when, suddenly, something happened. He had never forgotten his notes given for the purchase of the store, and as he could, he was paying something on them, scrimping himself in every way to do it. But one man grew impatient, sued him for his note and took away his personal possessions, the few he had, and, worse than that, sold his horse and surveying instruments to pay the debt. Then the young man was in a hard place; for he could not do surveying with-

out instruments. But friends bought in the property for him and gave him back his instruments and his horse, waiting until Lincoln could repay them.

There is a proverb that a man who has friends must show himself friendly. Lincoln, certainly, did this to every one he could help, and with no thought whether he himself would ever gain by his kindness. It is told of him that one day when he was about fourteen miles from Springfield he was overtaken by a man whom he knew very slightly, and who was in great haste to reach the land office in Springfield before another man traveling on a different road. He explained to Lincoln that he wanted to enter a small tract of land which joined his; but that this other man who was rich had made up his mind to get it, and would get it if he arrived first. But his own neighbors had advanced the necessary money and he could secure the land by being on hand before the other man. Lincoln looked at the speaker's tired horse and saw that it would give out before the journey's end if it were urged. "Here's my horse," he said. "He's fresh and full of grit; there's no time to be lost; mount him and put him through." And he told the man where to leave the horse for him. At about dark when Lincoln rode in on the jaded

horse which he had let take its time, he found the other man radiant; he had arrived in season and secured his land. The two men were friends the rest of their lives although they were on opposite sides in politics.

One man who knew Lincoln at this time says: "Lincoln had nothing, only plenty of friends." Another said of him that in every circle where he found himself, whether refined or uneducated, he was always the centre of attraction. One day when some of the boys from Illinois college went to see him, they found him flat on his back on a cellar door reading a newspaper. It is said that then Lincoln could repeat the whole of Burns and was a great student of Shakespeare.

And while he was reading law and studying Shakespeare and the politics of the day at the same time, he was going about from place to place surveying, doing fine work in this occupation, making new friends every day and keeping all the old ones, and getting ready for his nomination a second time as representative to the State Legislature. And this second time, in 1834, he had no defeat, but was elected by a good majority.

When Washington was a young man he was a surveyor, also. And the business gave him

such opportunity to see good land and to know it that he selected many choice acres which afterwards brought him in money. But Lincoln never used his business for himself further than to receive pay for his work; he made no money out of it. It seems as if his heart were set upon something before him to be done even when he could not yet see what it was, and he could not give his thoughts to other things. Some biographies of him tell us that he was so poor that when he was elected representative, he walked the hundred miles to Vandalia. But others tell us that he borrowed money from a friend that he might go to the capital in dress and conveyance suitable to a representative, and that he went there by stagecoach which was then the usual way of traveling.

At this first session of the Legislature he was quiet and modest and did nothing to make himself conspicuous. He was all the time learning, learning, not books alone, although he was still studying law harder than ever; but he was getting into knowledge of men who make laws, was growing to perceive how to handle men, that is, how to handle them in law-making. He was born with great power to appeal to men of all ranks and touch their hearts and lead them. No doubt, when he sat there in his place among

other representatives he sometimes thought of a day when he had received one of the hard lessons of his life, a lesson given by a snob in fine clothes to a man too great for him to understand although he was dressed like one of the roughest of country folk. Lincoln was always very fond of going into the courts and listening to the cases tried there. One day a Mr. Breckinridge made a most vigorous and eloquent defence of his client. Lincoln, who had never heard so fine a speech, listened in delighted astonishment. When the case was over, Mr. Breckinridge was walking grandly out of the courtroom, when, straight in his path, stood this immense, raw-boned youth, stretching out a hand and arm with a sleeve far up his wrist, and congratulating Mr. Breckinridge upon his wonderful eloquence. The great man looked for a moment at the tall, ungainly youth, and without having the good manners to take his hand or to utter one word to him, he swept out of the courtroom, indignant at such a fellow's having presumed to speak to him. This was what the young legislator might have recalled as he sat there listening to speeches or went about making acquaintance with his fellow legislators, some of whom in future days would be comrades of his, and others his opponents.

But little could the young man foresee in those days that he and this same snob of a Mr. Breckinridge would one day meet again, that time in Washington; and that when they met, this young man whose hand the snob had refused would then be President of the United States, and Mr. Breckinridge would be only too much honored by being spoken to by him. When that time arrived, Lincoln showed the noble spirit he was of, for again he congratulated the lawyer upon that fine speech of so long before. One can imagine that then Mr. Breckinridge was glad enough to listen to the praise of the man he had flouted as a boy.

In Lincoln's canvass of 1834, or that of 1836, his constituents gave him two hundred dollars to meet the expenses of campaign. When the election was over, he handed back one hundred, ninety-nine dollars and twenty-five cents to the subscribers. "I did not need the money," he said. "I made the canvass on my own horse; my entertainment being at the houses of friends, cost me nothing; and my only outlay was seventy-five cents for a barrel of cider which some farm hands insisted I should treat them to." What candidate for the humblest office could be elected now at an outlay of seventy-five cents! But what candidate could be found with Lincoln's power and popularity!

There was much to learn socially in Vandalia where society was more polished than in New Salem; and the young legislator did not fail to profit by his opportunities. And here in the Legislature he measured himself with the leading men of the community, and held his own with them.

XIV.

THE LINCOLN-STONE PROTEST.

The men who in 1836 assembled at Vandalia as members of the newly elected Legislature of Illinois were a set of picked men. There has been scarcely any other legislative assembly anywhere in which so many members later gained brilliant political reputation. What they did for the State of Illinois in the way of voting money for railroads, canals, and all other improvements which they could devise will be remembered as disastrous legislation which in the end crippled the resources of the State for years to come. But they were new at the work and their purposes were good. Lincoln was among these; he was one of the finance committee busy with these schemes of internal improvement in the State and he did not perceive more than the others that they were bad legislation. In the performance of his duties large sums of money passed through his hands.

But not a dollar staid by the way. When in 1837 he began to practice law he was a very poor man.

It seemed best to the people of Illinois that the capital should be changed from Vandalia to a place more nearly in the middle of the State and having other advantages that Vandalia had not. Springfield was the new capital fixed upon, and the task of bringing this to the Legislature and securing the vote was intrusted to Lincoln. He managed it successfully and to the great satisfaction of his constituents. He also had in charge some improvements on the Sangamon River in which the people of New Salem had not yet lost faith as to the possibility of its being made navigable.

But in his record in the Legislature of Illinois is something of vastly greater importance than the foolish financial schemes in which he joined through ignorance of their folly; and of more value than his advocacy of the opening of the Sangamon River—now long since forgotten—or even than his work in changing the capital to Springfield, a permanent advantage. For it was here while a member of the Legislature that his real work began, the work for which it seems to us human beings as we look at it reverently, that God created him and led him through years of hardship and sorrow and struggle up

to a pinnacle of fame where still greater sorrow and struggle awaited him, but with it a wonderful power and a wonderful opportunity which his character and his life led him to seize and use for the blessing of the nation. For it was during the session of 1836-37 that he first publicly took that stand in regard to slavery which—although at first it looked just the other way—in reality, led him to the White House.

We read books of travel and stories of adventure and novels to hear of men so strong and great that all disadvantages and trials they can overcome and all things that seem against them come in the end to stand for their good; they conquer everything; they conquer everybody; they reach the end they aim at; everybody trusts them and admires and obeys them; their very presence brings strength and help; in every emergency they know the right thing and do it; in every danger they are able to bring relief; they are the great success of genius and the highest in honor and fame. When we read of such heroes we often shut our books with a sigh and wish such persons actually lived. But no book of imagination ever painted a hero so remarkable and so successful as Abraham Lincoln was, if by success we mean accomplishing the great object for which he labored and died; reaching the highest place in one of the greatest

of modern nations and being followed and honored and loved by millions of people. It is true that in stories, and in real life also, men have risen from humble life to a throne. But no other man who has so risen has lifted with him four millions of slaves into freedmen.

The first preparation for this work was Lincoln's sight of the slaves in the cotton fields and in the market when he went to New Orleans, and many times much nearer him also. This sight of men and women bought and sold like cattle, and often of cruel treatment of them by overseers, Lincoln's own great love of freedom and his own remarkable practical sense which saw the un wisdom of slavery, led him to vote against a set of resolutions passed by the Illinois Legislature of 1837 in regard to slavery.

For he believed then, as he said publicly afterward, that for a man to govern himself was "self-government"; but to govern himself and govern another man also was more than self-government; it was despotism. He said also that no man was good enough to govern another man without that other man's consent. That referred to slavery.

These resolutions of the Illinois Legislature were much more favorable to slavery than Lincoln was and endeavored to soothe the South, irritated by discussions about slavery and oppo-

sition to it; for the South could no more keep people from talking about it than it could prevent the wind from blowing; and in trying to stop the talking, it talked a great deal itself and grew more and more angry. These resolutions were discussed for some time and, finally, passed unanimously in the Senate, and passed in the House of Representatives with none but Lincoln and five other members voting against them.

Many men would have thought that having voted against a measure which he disapproved of, he had done his duty; the measure was popular, still, he had voted against it because he thought it wrong. Why not leave the matter there when he was going before the people again for re-election? He was a young and ambitious man with his way to make; why should he say or do anything more about a subject that was unpopular?

Because he was Abraham Lincoln, and it was not his way to leave a thing he believed wrong alone because it was unpopular and he might lose by having anything to do with it. The day before the end of the session he presented to the House, for he was a representative, the following protest which was read and ordered to be recorded:

“Representative from the county of Sangamon.

“Resolutions upon the subject of domestic slavery having passed both branches of the General Assembly at its present session, the undersigned hereby protest against the passage of the same.

“They believe that the institution of slavery is founded on both injustice and bad policy, but that the promulgation of abolition doctrines tends rather to increase than abate its evils.

“They believe that the Congress of the United States has no power under the Constitution to interfere with the institution of slavery in the different States.

“They believe that the Congress of the United States has the power under the Constitution, to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, but that the power ought not to be exercised, unless at the request of the people of the District.

“The difference between these opinions and those contained in the above resolutions is their reason for entering this protest.

“(Signed) DAN STONE,

“A. LINCOLN,

“*Representatives from the County of Sangamon.*”

We, to-day, cannot understand why anything so very mildly put should be against anyone's

opinion. Yet there is one sentence: "They believe that the institution of slavery is founded on both injustice and bad policy," which shows where Lincoln stood. There he planted himself like a rock, and from this belief and the expression of this belief nothing could move him. He had said once to John Hanks in the New Orleans trip that if ever he had a chance to hit slavery, he would hit it hard. He began then and there. And in some form from that time until his voice through the thunder of cannon overthrew slavery, he was always hitting it hard; and the more people defended it, the more the evils of it stood out, as is the way with all bad things. The South to-day is thankful to be rid of the burden of slavery and has grown stronger in its freedom.

But in those times things were very different. After a terrible conflict which had waked up all the best people in the State, Illinois had voted to be a free instead of a slave State. But the victory won at the polls for freedom did not keep the people from admiring the slave-owners when they came over bringing their slaves to wait upon them. Then, Missouri was just being settled; and the people who passed through Illinois to go to the new State said what a pity it was that they could not remain in Illinois which was so attractive, but they preferred to

go where they could take their slaves with them or could buy them as they liked. Years before Illinois had passed an act hiring slaves from Southern states because it said the people could not operate their mills without them; yet all the while they were treating shamefully the free colored people who came into the State.

Thus, in March, 1837, Abraham Lincoln in the Legislature which had just passed such a vote stood up all the height of his six feet and four inches and declared that "the institution of slavery is founded on both injustice and bad policy"—it would have been hard to find two more rotten pegs to stand anything upon!

But of the five men who voted with him, only one would sign this protest, and he was not going to stand for another election so he did not fear for his office.

It was Lincoln's belief that God guided men's lives. And as Lincoln did the thing he knew to be right and left the result with God, he has made it plain to us that in such a life God does guide.

XV.

SETTLED IN SPRINGFIELD.

The Sangamon County delegation to the Legislature was called "The Long Nine" because all the members were so tall; it was said that, put together, they would have been fifty-five feet! Lincoln with his six feet four inches was the tallest of any. They were very good friends; the Dan Stone who with Lincoln signed the Lincoln-Stone protest was one of them. After the session was over the nine were dined and made much of in Springfield because they had worked to have this city made the capital, and especially was Lincoln praised since he had led in this enterprise.

In March, 1837, just as his term as representative was over, Lincoln was admitted to the bar in Illinois. From the advice of his friends and by his own wish also he decided to begin the practice of law in Springfield and he made this city his home. He had no money. One of his

most intimate friends, Mr. Joshua Speed, tells the story of the young man coming into town on a borrowed horse with a few law books and a few pieces of clothing in a pair of saddle-bags, all he owned. He made inquiries as to the cost of a little furniture in a room and found it more than he could pay. Speed told him that he had a very large room and a large double bed and Lincoln would be welcome to share it with him. "Where is your room?" asked Lincoln. Speed told him it was upstairs. The other took his saddle-bags, went upstairs and set them down on the floor, then came down in smiles and cried: "Well, Speed, I'm moved!"

To a person familiar with other cities Springfield would have seemed uncouth enough. But it had never been really a pioneer town. A number of well-to-do Kentucky families had come there, besides settlers of a more polished type than usual with the genuine Western pioneer in those days. Lincoln wrote about it as a place where there was "a good deal of flourishing about in carriages." We find a reference to the goods advertised in the newspaper of Springfield at that time showing how much attention was paid to dress. "Cloths, cassimeres, silk, satin, velvet, Marseilles vestings, fine calf boots, seal and morocco pumps, for gentlemen; and for ladies, silks, barêges,

crêpe lisse, lace veils, thread lace, lace handkerchiefs, fine prunella shoes, &c." A few years before this there had been a gradual change in the dress of the people of Illinois. Leather and linsey woolsey, hunting knife and tomahawk had disappeared from men's dress; and these wore leather boots and shoes instead of moccasins; they did not tie leather breeches around their ankles, but wore pantaloons in place of them. Women no longer went barefoot, and instead of homespun frocks wore gowns of calico and, sometimes, silk ones; they did not any more tie up their heads in hideous red cotton turbans, but put on pretty bonnets. The old pioneers shook their heads and declared that bad things would come to a country where the young people did not believe in things that were "good enough for their fathers." But the new clothes looked much better than the old garments that the pioneers wore, because they could not get any better, and not because they loved them.

Springfield was between the woods on the north and the prairie lands on the south. The soil was so rich that the mud in the streets was perfectly black and in the spring there seemed to be no bottom to it. There were no pavements or sidewalks; large chunks of wood were laid down to make crossings, and these were not likely to be

either very even or very steady. The houses were chiefly built of wood and built in blocks. A large square had been left in the middle of the town because people thought that they would want this when Springfield grew to be a great city, and when Lincoln came to Springfield they were clearing the ground there for the new State House. The offices of the county court were in one of the largest houses looking on this square, and the other rooms in the building were let for lawyers' offices. Major Stuart, whom Lincoln had known in the Black Hawk war and who had lent the young man law books, now offered Lincoln a partnership with him; and one of the offices in that building was that of "Stuart and Lincoln." The furniture of this room was a small lounge or bed, a chair with a buffalo robe in it in which Lincoln used to sit and study, a hard, wooden bench, a rough book-case and a table that also served as a desk.

At this time Judge Logan, afterward Lincoln's law partner, was judge of the circuit court and Stephen A. Douglas with whom the future President had in coming years such debates that the whole nation echoed to his trenchant arguments against the slave power and marveled at his clear exposition of its treacheries—Douglas was then prosecuting attorney.

The method of practicing law in those days



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STUART AND LINCOLN'S LAW OFFICE, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

From a photograph.

and in that new country was entirely different from the present. If a lawyer in Illinois had staid in his office and waited for clients, he might have waited there forever. But many of the lawyers then were half politicians. In the stores, in the streets, in the public halls, everywhere, they discussed politics, they knew what was going on, they found their clients. There were not the difficult questions of law to be decided in those days that we have now; there were no corporation lawyers, for there were no great corporations such as we have now; and many questions of interstate commerce and rail-roading and other matters, certainly in their present shape, were not known. Lawyers depended a great deal upon their influence with a jury, more than upon what they really knew of law. Major Stuart, Lincoln's first partner, was a candidate for Congress in 1838, and was elected over the head of Stephen A. Douglas. So that the Major could set Lincoln no example of industry in law.

Lincoln himself was still a politician; he was elected to the State Legislature in 1838, and again in 1840; so that from 1834 to 1842 he was a representative. Speed's store was a great gathering place for political and all other debates, and there Lincoln became well known for his brightness and his good stories.

No lawyer in the country ever had a greater influence over a jury than Lincoln had. He had a remarkable power of putting a case so clearly that nobody could misunderstand it. But this was not all his power; a part of this came from the fact that here as everywhere he was "honest Abe," he would not take a case that he did not believe in, and when he found that his client had deceived him and was really guilty of what he was accused of, Lincoln has been known to turn the case over to his partner, saying he himself was helpless to plead in the case. And when his partner undertook a case where the client was guilty, and brought him off, Lincoln would not touch a dollar of his share of the fee. Once when a sheep-grower had employed him, it came out in evidence that although he had delivered to the other man the number of animals agreed upon, yet some of them were so young that they were under the average value. When Mr. Lincoln understood this, he found out how many of these cheaper sheep had been delivered contrary to the agreement, and told the jury that they must give a verdict against his client and he only asked them to be careful to give just the right amount. He must always be on the side of justice, no matter whether himself or his clients suffered for it.

The lawyers in Springfield were not willing to

undertake the defence of any person who had been engaged in helping off fugitive slaves; and they were especially unwilling when they were running, or about to run for office. A man went to Edward D. Baker asking him to undertake his case. But Baker would not do it; he said as a political man he could not afford to do this. The man went to an anti-slavery friend for advice. This friend told him to go to Lincoln. "He's not afraid of an unpopular case," he said. "When I go for a lawyer to defend an arrested fugitive slave, other lawyers will refuse me, but if Mr. Lincoln is at home, he will always take my case."

This testimony concerning the young lawyer proves that to Abraham Lincoln the Lincoln-Stone protest was no mere instrument of empty words, but the belief on which his life work was based. For no politicians, for no place, for no power would he move from his principles. He was not born a seeker of popularity; he was born a leader of the nation in its terrible struggle.

XVI.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN MARRIES.

Dr. Holland says of Abraham Lincoln when he was in Mr. Offutt's store: "He was judge, arbitrator, referee, umpire, authority, in all disputes, games and matches of man-flesh and horse-flesh; a pacificator in all quarrels; everybody's friend; the best-natured, the most sensible, the best-informed, the most modest and unassuming, the kindest, gentlest, roughest, strongest, best young fellow in all New Salem and the region round about."

From the days when he was a big school-boy and he and little Kate Roby, like school-boy and school-girl, used to sit on the banks of the Sangamon and dangle their feet over the water while they talked and laughed together, Lincoln knew very few women except his noble step-mother. It was probably from her and from his own mother whom he always remembered with great affection that he gained the great reverence for women which he always had. It came in part,

too, from his own beautiful nature that believed in things good and true.

But while he was in New Salem he became acquainted with Anne Rutledge, the daughter of Mr. Rutledge who owned the mill and was one of the founders and principal men of New Salem. He liked young Lincoln and made him welcome. At one time he kept the tavern where Lincoln came to board in 1833. Anne was a beautiful girl. One description of her says that she had auburn hair, blue eyes and a fair complexion, and was slender and fragile. She had a bright mind and a gentle and sympathetic heart. Lincoln came to love her so much that when she died it seemed as if he, too, would die or lose his mind through grief. It is said of him that before this time he was thoroughly gay and light-hearted; but afterward, although he often seemed to his companions to be enjoying life much, yet he had moods of deep melancholy.

But the duties and demands of life pressed upon him; and he took them up again. He did his work in the Legislature, his studying and his practice, and always that unconscious preparation for his great work. For he came to understand better and better the public questions of that day, and especially that great question of slavery which was fast becoming so immense that everything else was small beside it.

When he went to live in Springfield, he was often at the house of one of his intimate friends, Mr. Ninian Edwards. There he met constantly Mrs. Edwards' sister, Miss Mary Todd of Kentucky. His friends and hers told him that he had better marry Miss Todd; and at one time he was engaged to her. Then he began to question whether he loved her enough to marry her; for no one could be to him like Anne Rutledge, and he must give Miss Todd a real affection, for he had too much reverence for her not to do this. The young man was full of honor and noble feeling; he was as eager to do right here as in any public question that could come to him—even more eager. He went into Kentucky for a time and staid with his friend, Mr. Speed, and rested from all work—and, no doubt, he needed the rest—then he returned to Springfield. He knew now what he ought to do. Miss Todd loved him. In November, 1842, they were married.

There is an amusing story of a duel that Lincoln was forced to fight the summer before his marriage. It happened in this way. Miss Todd was a very bright young woman and could write articles making fun of persons and arousing their anger. There was some public question in which she was interested and she and another young woman, a friend of hers, wrote

some witty and cutting articles in the paper about a certain Mr. Shields, afterwards General Shields. He resented them and demanded from the paper the name of the author. The editor would not give the name of the ladies and asked Lincoln what he should do. Lincoln told him: "Give my name." It has been suggested that he did really give Miss Todd and her friends some "points" for the articles. So, Shields challenged Lincoln; and Lincoln could not get out of it without disgrace. But he did not want to hurt Shields and he had no wish to be killed himself; so, as he had the choice of weapons, being the person challenged, he chose "cavalry broadswords of the largest size"; and the two were "to stand on each side of a board placed on the ground, each to fight within limit of six feet on his own side of the board." Lincoln was ashamed of the whole thing; Shields was delighted with it. But just at the last minute friends reconciled the two.

When Lincoln and Miss Todd were married they went at first to board at the Globe Tavern in Springfield where they paid what was then a good price—four dollars a week. Lincoln was out of debt at last; but he was still poor and he never made money as so many men with his opportunities would have done.

After a time, however, he had his own house

in Springfield. He spent the money his practice gave him in educating his children and in living plainly; yet liberally. People who knew him speak of "the old-fashioned hospitality of Springfield," and Mrs. Lincoln's dinners and evening parties in her "modest and simple home where everything was so orderly and refined." Both she and Mr. Lincoln were full of the cordial Western manner which put the guests at ease at once. They had many rare Kentucky dishes on their table, and venison, and other game so abundant then. For from this time Mr. Lincoln could afford to live comfortably; henceforth his income was sufficient for his wants. His personal wants were always few; he never drank, he never smoked, he lived a simple, beautiful life.

Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln had four children, all sons. These were Robert Todd, Edwards, William and Thomas. Edwards died when a baby, and William died in the White House. Thomas used to be called "Tad," because while he was a wee baby, before he had been named, his father called him, "Tadpole." The name clung and we shall always remember him as "Tad" in the stories that are told of him while a child in the White House.

It is said of Lincoln that he was a devoted father, was never impatient with his children's

restlessness or perversity, but delighted in being with them and took them to his heart with an affection so deep as to make him overlook their faults. The worst he could bring himself to say to a naughty child was: "You break my heart when you act like this." And his tenderness and the pain in his face and his tones were enough to make the boy repent. People in Springfield used to see him almost any summer morning walking back and forth before his house drawing one of his children in a child's gig, and so deep in the study of some law or some political question that he would often pass his friends without seeing them.

XVII.

IN CONGRESS.

In 1840 Lincoln was nominated for Presidential Elector to vote for General Harrison for President, and at once made a spirited and successful canvass for him, traveling over a large part of the State. There were many brilliant speakers; but one of Lincoln's orations was considered the best of the whole and it was afterward printed and circulated as a campaign document. It was a bright, witty speech, full of hard hits at the other side, and was very popular.

It was not the last time that Lincoln was made Presidential Elector. For in every presidential campaign the Whigs used to send him out to talk to the people in their own dialect, and after their own way of looking at things, in favor of the party candidate.

But when in 1844 Henry Clay was nominated by the Whigs for President, Lincoln's canvass

for him was made with a zeal he had not known before. For he had the greatest admiration for Clay and believed in him with all his heart. And when Clay was defeated, it seemed to Lincoln a great calamity. Some time afterward he went to visit the great statesman at his home. But here he was disappointed in him; for he found Mr. Clay lofty and condescending, as if no one could be of so great consequence as he himself was; and the speech which the young man heard him deliver was not eloquent at all.

After Mr. Lincoln had left the Illinois Legislature, he was elected Representative, and took his seat in the Thirtieth Congress at Washington, December 6, 1847. There were many eminent men in that Congress, but none so great as Lincoln afterward became. He had been elected by the largest majority given in his district; for the people had the greatest confidence in his integrity and faithfulness. He had had experience in the State Legislature, so that he was at home in methods and debates; and he was well acquainted with the questions of the day and knew how the parties stood toward one another, and the desires and aims of each. He took his place quietly, and in this first session he did nothing especially striking, although he introduced a set of resolutions calling upon President Polk to give a statement of facts concern-

ing the Mexican war, so that Congress and the country would know what to believe. The resolutions were laid over, and Mr. Lincoln did not call for them again; but in January he made a speech in the House founded upon these. In this he called upon President Polk to explain the causes and the origin of the war with Mexico; and when it would end?

We had to get out of the war somehow. So some of the best soldiers and most famous generals and other officers in the Mexican war were Whigs. But they went to help out the country in time of need and not because they sustained President Polk and his evil policy. For the House of Representatives voted in the January of 1848 that it was "a war unnecessarily and unconstitutionally made by the President of the United States."

Lincoln and his famous political opponent, Stephen A. Douglas, were in Congress at the same time. Lincoln was the tallest man in the House and Douglas the shortest man in the Senate; he was called "the little giant," because he was so short of stature and so strong in mind. But there was a greater difference between him and Lincoln than that of height or ability, the difference which came out after this time between honor and dishonor in character; Douglas wanted power, and he could be bought

to gain it; Lincoln liked power also, as any man does who is capable of wielding it, but truth was always more to him than his own success, or any man's; it was not in him to say or do what he did not believe for any place or any power. He was already beginning to distrust Douglas. But the great battles between the two had not then been thought of.

Congress adjourned in August, 1848; and then Lincoln began to electioneer for General Zachary Taylor, our next President. He so interested the people in his own district that they gave nearly as large a vote as they had done for Lincoln himself. Then he went to New England and there he made some telling campaign speeches. He had a great power of seeing what things really meant, no matter how they had been covered up with false statements; and he could present the truth in such a way that people could not help seeing it and remembering it.

When Congress met again the following December there was a great change in feeling in it. The election was over; the Whigs had been successful in electing their President. The House was ready to try to bring in New Mexico and California as free Territories. But the Senate would not agree, and the matter was left for a time.

Lincoln was as desirous as any one to have the new Territories free; he always voted against slavery. But, much as he hated it, he did not believe that we had a right to touch it in the slave States; because, although it was wrong, the law upheld it; and he wanted to have the time come when this law would be changed; and, meanwhile, not to let slavery encroach any further into free ground.

It seemed to him, however, as it did to many others, that to have slaves bought and sold in our own capital city of Washington owned by the United States, was a disgrace to our country. He wanted Congress with the consent of the people of the District of Columbia to free their slaves and pay the masters for them; and he tried to have this thing done. A good many approved of the measure.

But the people of Washington opposed it very strongly. So, the mayor of Washington who had at first given his consent to freeing the slaves was obliged to withdraw it—or he thought he was—and the measure fell through.

That bill freeing the slaves in the District of Columbia waited fifteen years. Then, during the civil war when Mr. Lincoln was President, Congress passed it and he signed it.

Lincoln's term in Congress ended on the fourth of March, 1849; and he did not try to be

re-elected. He said that there were many Whigs who could do as much as he "to bring the district right side up."

President Taylor wanted to make him governor of Oregon. But Mrs. Lincoln was not willing to go to a country so far away and unsettled as Oregon was at that time; it seemed to her a wilderness; and Lincoln decided not to go.

We have reason to be thankful he did not. For he was needed in the forefront of the coming battle of arguments and opinions; and, later, in that terrible war between the South and the North in which he was to have so great a work to do.

But before all this there came to him a little breathing space.

For he went back to Springfield and took up again his practice of law.

XVIII.

A REAL STUDENT.

In 1841 Lincoln had dissolved partnership with Major Stuart who was in Congress, and was associated with a much more thorough and careful lawyer, Judge Logan. From this time until political duties took all his care and thoughts, Lincoln devoted himself more earnestly to his profession. He said of himself: "From 1849 to 1854, both inclusive, I practiced law more assiduously than ever before."

He studied his cases with great care and patience and had a wonderful power with juries. When he returned from Congress he found that some changes had taken place in the methods of practice from old ways, there was more knowledge of law required, and more care in presentation of a case. It had seemed to him while he was in Congress that he lacked a certain power of close and sustained reasoning. So, when he came home he set himself to study such

works on logic and mathematics as he thought would be useful to him; he soon learned by heart six books of Euclid and always remembered the principles they contained.

Judge David Davis, who was for many years presiding judge of the circuit when Lincoln was on this circuit and who knew him well, said of him: "In all the elements that constitute the great lawyer he had few equals. He seized the strong points of a case and presented them with clearness and great compactness. The framework of his mental and moral being was honesty, and a wrong cause was poorly defended by him." Davis said that Lincoln could not explain away the bad points of a case, and spoke of how little power Lincoln had if he did not believe in his cause; how he never meant to take a case where his client was in the wrong, but sometimes was at first deceived himself—and how strong he was when he knew he was right; how he hated wrong and oppression and made the man who had been defrauding writhe under his terrible rebukes. He said that Lincoln, even when he won, never took from a client more than he thought his services were worth or the man could afford to pay; and that his charges were always small because the people among whom he practiced were not rich. When he was elected President it is probable that there was not a

lawyer in the circuit who had been at the bar as long who had not more money than Abraham Lincoln; it was not the business of his life to make a fortune.

Mr. Herndon who was afterward his law partner tells how a man came to Lincoln one day and wanted him to take an objectionable case. Lincoln said to him after he had heard him through: "Yes, there is no reasonable doubt but that I can gain your case for you. I can set a whole neighborhood at loggerheads; I can distress a widowed mother and her six fatherless children, and thereby get for you six hundred dollars which rightfully belongs, it appears to me, as much to them as it does to you. I shall not take your case, but I will give a little advice for nothing. You seem a sprightly, energetic man. I would advise you to try your hand at making six hundred dollars in some other way."

Sometimes after he had undertaken a criminal case, it would suddenly come to him that his client was guilty. At one such time he turned to his associate and said: "Swett, the man is guilty; you defend him; I can't." And he gave up his share of a large fee. At another time in defending a man accused of larceny, he said to the lawyer who was with him: "If you can say anything for the man, do it; I can't. If I

attempt it, the jury will see I think he is guilty, and convict him." At another time he found that his client was attempting a fraud. Lincoln got up in great disgust and went off to his hotel. The judge sent for him. He would not go into court. "Tell the judge," he said, "my hands are dirty; I came over here to wash them."

Lincoln had been in practice only a short time when he was engaged on one side or the other of all the most important cases on the circuit. At the beginning of his work he was only "a case lawyer," knowing how to carry the jury but not well enough educated to be an authority. But toward the latter part of his life he had so trained his powers of generalization and deduction and studied the principles of law that the best lawyers held him their equal.

When he returned from Congress an eminent lawyer in Chicago wanted him to become his partner in that city. But Mr. Lincoln said that practice in a large city would be injurious to his health.

He enjoyed the life on circuit although there were many hardships. And if any one among the lawyers had to be imposed upon by a room not so good or crowded with others, it was always Lincoln. He was always welcomed wherever he went. But it has been said of him that at hotels he was never put beside the land-

lord to have the choicest bits at table nor did he have the best seats in coaches or any such attentions pressed upon him. But by reason of his wit and his stories he was always the centre of an admiring crowd of friends and acquaintances.

Mr. Herndon tells how he often went on circuit with him. At such times in country taverns the two usually occupied the same bed. In most instances the beds were too short for Lincoln whose feet would hang over the footboard. He would put a candle on a chair at the head of the bed and read and study for hours. It was in this way he studied Euclid, as well as other works. When he once fixed his mind on any subject, nothing could disturb him, he had such power of concentration. To a young man who wrote asking how he could best gain a thorough knowledge of law, Lincoln answered that it was a very simple thing, but very tedious and toilsome; he must get books and read and study carefully. "Begin with 'Blackstone's Commentaries,' and after reading carefully through, say twice, take up 'Chitty's Pleadings,' 'Greenleaf's Evidence' and 'Story's Equity' in succession. Work, work, work is the main thing."

Mr. Lincoln enjoyed a joke even when it was against himself; and he was sometimes able to turn it back upon the perpetrators. One day in the spring of 1849 two travelers were waiting to

take the stage from Terre Haute to Indianapolis. When it arrived it had only one passenger, a long, lank man who was sound asleep on the back seat, his head appearing at one side of the coach and his feet on the other. One of the travelers slapped him on the shoulder and asked him if he had chartered the stage for the day? "Certainly not," returned the man; and he at once got up and took the front seat giving up the place of honor and comfort to the strangers. "He was a queer-looking fellow," wrote one of the travelers, "dressed in a well-worn and ill-fitting suit of bombazine, without vest or cravat, and a twenty-five cent palm hat on the back of his head. His very prominent features in repose seemed dull and expressionless. Regarding him as a good subject for merriment, we perpetrated several jokes. He took them all with the utmost innocence and good-nature, and joined in the laugh although at his own expense. At noon we stopped at a wayside hostelry for dinner. We invited him to eat with us, and he approached the table as if he considered it a great honor."

So the story goes on, telling how, late in the evening, the stage reached Indianapolis. The travelers went to a hotel and lost sight of the stranger. Later, coming from their rooms they saw the "long, gloomy fellow-traveler in the

center of an admiring group of lawyers who seemed to be amused and interested in a story he was telling." The travelers asked the landlord who the tall man was? "Abraham Lincoln of Illinois, a member of Congress," returned the landlord. The travelers slunk out of the hotel by the back door and went to another place. Yet when Mr. Lincoln was President, he appointed one of these men minister to Chili.

With all his work Lincoln found time to advocate the temperance cause in which he was deeply interested. He never drank himself, as has been said before; but he had opportunity to see the misery that drink caused and to hate it. Neither did he smoke, or chew. What strength and life he had went to the service of others, not to self-indulgence of any kind.

His partner, Mr. Herndon, says that occasionally he himself used to get a little grandiloquent in his language; and one day Lincoln warned him. "Billy, don't shoot too high," he said, "aim lower and the common people will understand you. They are the ones you want to reach—at least they are the ones you ought to reach. The educated and refined people will understand you anyway. If you aim too high your ideas will go over the heads of the masses, and only hit those who need no hitting."

XIX.

HOW LINCOLN PRACTICED LAW.

Mrs. Lincoln was very ambitious and had great faith in her husband's future. She was much delighted when a few years after their marriage he was elected to Congress. She went with him to Washington and was there during one session of Congress. Herndon says that if Lincoln seemed homely to other people, he was "the embodiment of noble manhood" to her. She was one day at the law office while her husband was absent and when she and Mr. Herndon were talking of Douglas, she said: "Mr. Lincoln may not be as handsome a figure, but people are perhaps not aware that his heart is as large as his arms are long."

It is a question, however, whether she ever heard one instance of her husband's large-heartedness toward the lower animals also. Dr. Holland tells how one day when Lincoln was riding the circuit he went by a deep slough where to his

great distress he saw a pig struggling, but so faintly that it was plain the poor creature was nearly exhausted and had no chance of getting out of the mire into which it was constantly sinking deeper. Mr. Lincoln looked at the pig and the mud in which it was wallowing and at his own new clothes which he did not want to ruin. The clothes won the day and he rode on leaving the poor pig to its sad fate. He did not ride far, however, he could not stand it. He went back, fastened his horse, took some old rails lying about and built a passage to the bottom of the hole. Then he walked down on these, seized the pig and dragged it to firm ground; but not without great injury to his new clothes. Washing his hands in the nearest brook, he went on his way, discussing with himself what had made him do this thing. At first he imagined it was "pure benevolence," but at last he decided that it was just selfishness, since he went to the pig's relief, as he put it to a friend, "to take a pain out of his own mind."

Lincoln's presentation of his first case has no parallel in law records. He rose and said to the bench: "This is the first case I have ever had in this court, and I have therefore examined it with great care. As the Court will perceive by looking at the abstract of the record, the only question in this case is one of authority. I have

not been able to find any authority sustaining my side of the case, but I have found several cases directly in point on the other side. I will now give these cases and then submit the case."

A young, poor lawyer needing practice, and his first case! And he told the truth against himself as freely as if it had been in his favor. Was it any wonder that he had weight with juries when they were absolutely sure that he believed exactly what he said? For, clear, witty, interesting to fascination as he certainly was, the foundation of his influence was that they believed him. There were cases brought to him that he would have nothing to do with; no fee that could be offered would make him try to win an injustice because it was legal or technical. He was not deeply learned in rules of evidence or practice as in text-books, and did not care for them. His sense of justice was keen; he struggled for justice, throwing aside forms, methods and rules, until at last justice appeared "pure as a ray of light flashing through a fog bank." He was not a wide reader, but when he had a matter to investigate he went to the root of it, he was thorough and unwearied in his search; and he found what he searched for, and put it before others in such a form that they could not help seeing it.

One story of him is that he went one day to a

lawyer in another town, saying: "I see you've been suing some of my clients, and I've come down to see about it." The other lawyer explained the case and showed the proofs. Lincoln said that he would be equally frank; that the other's client was entitled to a decree and he should represent it thus to the court; and that it was against his principles to contest a clear matter of right. So the other's client received a deed for a farm which, if anybody but Mr. Lincoln had been on the opposite side, would have been all used up in law-suits, with, probably, the same decision at last.

A widow, Lincoln's client, owned some valuable land. Lincoln was not satisfied as to the description of a part of it in the title-deed; so he surveyed it himself, and found that the man who had sold it to the person from whom she had inherited it had conveyed more land than he had been paid for; and that she ought to make it right with his heirs. She objected very strongly; but when Lincoln and his partner told her that they would drop the case unless she did it, she paid the amount.

Mr. Herndon who from 1845 was the law partner of Lincoln until his death has many incidents of him. He tells how at one time in Lincoln's absence and without his knowledge he made a fictitious plea from something he had gathered

the opposing counsel believed, so that they could not question it, but were much perplexed about it. Before things had gone further Lincoln came into court. He looked carefully over the papers in the case and when he saw Herndon's ingenious falsehood, he asked: "Is this seventh plea a good one?" The other said it was. "But is it founded on fact?" persisted Lincoln. Then Herndon explained, and said that they were justified because their client must have time, or be ruined. But Lincoln shook his head. "Hadn't we better withdraw that plea?" he said. "You know it's a sham, and a sham is very often but another name for a lie. Don't let it go on record. The cursed thing may come staring us in the face long after this suit has been forgotten." The plea was withdrawn; it had to be. And, oddly enough, not by their act, however, the case was continued and the client saved.

Mr. Lincoln disliked the mechanical work of the office; he wrote fewer papers than most men at the bar; his young partner had this work at first, and afterward their law students. To one of these young men Lincoln gave the caution not to be as enthusiastic as two other students they had had. He pointed to a large inkstain on the wall. "One of these young men got so enthusiastic in his pursuit of legal lore," he said,

“that he fired an inkstand at the other’s head, and that is the mark he made.”

Lincoln’s favorite position when he was working over a knotty case was to stretch both legs at full length upon a chair and have his books in his lap and on a table at hand. Then, no matter how busy he was, if anybody came in he had time to tell some joke or droll story. Indeed, he had the same habit then which he found so useful when President. A man would come to him to find out something that Lincoln did not want to have him find out and yet did not want to refuse him. Lincoln would do the chief of the talking, skirting round the special point but never touching it, and adding so many stories and jokes to his answers, that the man would go away in high good humor. Afterward he would remember that he had not found out anything after all.

Lincoln’s letters were never formal and technical. He once wrote to a lawyer in another town apologizing for delay in not answering a letter sooner: “First, I have been very busy in the United States Court; second, when I received the letter I put it in my old hat, and buying a new one the next day the old one was set aside and so the letter was lost sight of for a time.” Perhaps he learned the habit of carrying things in his hat when he used to carry the

post-office there in New Salem. He had a bundle of papers on the top of his desk into which he slipped things he wanted to keep and refer to later. Years after his death Mr. Herndon, removing the furniture from the office took down this bundle of papers and blew the dust from the top. Under the string tying the bundle was a little slip of paper in Lincoln's handwriting. It read: "When you can't find it anywhere else, look in this."

When Lincoln grew more prominent and the law business more profitable, there were some who would have been glad to supplant Mr. Herndon in the partnership. One of these told Mr. Lincoln that Herndon was in a way weakening the influence of the firm. "I know my own business, I reckon," retorted Lincoln. "I know Billy Herndon better than anybody, and even if what you say of him is true, I intend to stick by him."

Lincoln needed two things for managing a case successfully. One was time; and the other, as has been already said, confidence in the justice of his cause. He used to say if he could free the case from technicalities and get it properly swung to the jury he would win. His partner was sometimes restless at Lincoln's slow movements and speeches in court, and would tell him to speak with more "vim," to talk faster and

keep the jury awake. One day Lincoln answered him by an illustration. "Give me your pen-knife with its short blade," he said, "and hand me that old jack-knife lying on the table." Opening the pen-knife, he said: "You see this blade at the point travels rapidly, but only through a small portion of space till it stops; while the long blade of the jack-knife moves no faster but through a much greater space than the small one." This he likened to his own mind. "I may not emit ideas as rapidly as others, because I am compelled by nature to speak slowly," he said. "But when I do throw off a thought, it seems to me, though it comes with some effort, it has force enough to cut its own way and travel a greater distance." That was said only when the two were alone together, as explanation.

Lincoln with his partner won a case for the Illinois Central Railroad. Lincoln went to Chicago and presented his bill asking two thousand dollars over the retainer fee of two hundred and fifty. The official in charge, supposed to have been the superintendent, George B. McClellan, afterward the general who never won his battles, looked at the bill in great surprise. "Why, sir," he exclaimed, "this is as much as Daniel Webster himself would have charged. We cannot allow such a claim." Mr. Lincoln took the

bill and went home. On the way he stopped at Bloomington and met a number of attorneys who told him he had asked too little for his valuable services, and persuaded him to make his bill five thousand dollars and bring suit. The railroad paid promptly. "Well, Billy," said Mr. Lincoln to his partner, "here's our fee; sit down and let me divide." And he counted out the half and handed it over as if it had been a few cents. If he came into the office with a fee and Herndon was out, he would wrap up his share in a piece of paper and put it into the latter's drawer, making it: "Case of Roe vs. Doe—Herndon's half."

A lawyer friend of Lincoln's gives an account of the manner of Lincoln in Court. In places where most lawyers would object he would "reckon" it would be fair to let in this thing or that; and sometimes when the opponent could not quite prove a thing and Lincoln knew it was the truth, he "reckoned" it would be fair to admit such and such evidence. When he did object and the court answered his objection, he would "reckon" he must be wrong. "Now, about the time he had practiced this three-fourths through the case," said this colleague writing of Lincoln, "if his adversary didn't understand him, he would wake up in a few minutes, learning that he had feared the Greeks

too late, and find himself beaten. Lincoln was as wise as a serpent in the trial of a cause," says this friend, "but I have had too many scares from his blows to certify that he was harmless as a dove. When the whole thing was unraveled, the adversary would begin to see that what he (Lincoln) was so blandly giving away was simply what he couldn't get and keep. Any man who took Lincoln for a simple-minded man would very soon wake up with his back in a ditch."

What Lincoln's opponents feared most in his management of a case before a jury was the way in which he would brush aside all conventional rules and come out with some strange and clever performance which would carry the jury; his "dramatic strokes" or his bringing in some sudden interruption not provided for, were always dreaded. He was once in a case where Judge Logan was on the other side. The judge was always very grave and precise. Lincoln looked at him, but said nothing until he came to address the jury; then he said: "Gentlemen, you must be careful and not permit yourselves to be overcome by the eloquence of the counsel for the defence. Judge Logan, I know, is an effective lawyer. I have met him too often to doubt that. But shrewd and careful though he be, still he is sometimes wrong.

Since this trial has begun I have discovered that, with all his caution and fastidiousness, he hasn't knowledge enough to put his shirt on right." Logan was scarlet; but Lincoln was right; the judge in putting on a new shirt had by mistake drawn it over his head with the pleated bosom behind. The laugh that followed this speech destroyed the effect of Logan's eloquent plea to the jury; and that was what Lincoln intended.

One of his most famous cases was that of a son of the Jack Armstrong whom he had been compelled to fight and had conquered when he first went to New Salem. The young man had been accused of murdering a companion and many witnesses swore to having seen him strike the blow; among them was one who was so circumstantial that he told just where the moon was in the sky, a bright moon by which he had seen everything. Lincoln listened and questioned and drew him out more and more, until it seemed as if there was not the smallest chance for poor young Armstrong. Then he called for an almanac and by it proved that at that time of night on the date testified to by the witness there was no moon at all! The young man was triumphantly acquitted.

But although Lincoln was so humble and so ready to forgive and, probably, to forget an

injury to himself, yet he could be aroused to great indignation by injustice, and when so roused he was terrible. In a murder case which he was defending, the judge kept ruling against him. At last, in a point around which the whole case centred the judge ruled against Lincoln again. The prosecution rejoiced and Lincoln grew despondent; he saw that defeat was sure unless he could recover his ground. He perceived that the Court's rulings were silly if not spiteful, and he began to think that they were aimed at him. He was very angry. "I have determined to crowd the Court to the wall and regain my position before night," he said. When the Court assembled in the afternoon Lincoln rose to read a few authorities in support of his position. And then he launched out. Keeping within bounds of propriety, so that he could not be reprimanded for contempt of court, he characterized the repeated rulings against him as unjust and foolish; and "figuratively speaking," says Herndon, "he peeled the Court from head to foot." The crowd, a part of the bar, and the jury were with him. He was so wrought up, so furious and eloquent by turns and all the while so right, finishing up with a story, that the judge pretended to see his former error and reversed his position in favor of Lincoln; the client was acquitted.

But Lincoln could never have done this had he not known the innocence of the man he was defending.

One day an old negro woman came into Lincoln's office and told her troubles. She and her children were born slaves in Kentucky; but her owner had brought the whole family to Illinois and given them their freedom. Her son had gone down the Mississippi as waiter, or deck hand, on some of the steamboats. At New Orleans he had unwisely gone ashore, when the police had snatched him up and thrown him into prison in accordance with a law concerning free negroes from other States. Mr. Lincoln through his partner inquired of the governor if there was not something that he (the governor) could do to obtain possession of this free negro. The governor sent word that he was sorry to say that he "had no legal or constitutional right to do anything in the premises." Lincoln sprang up in great excitement, and exclaimed that he would have that negro back soon or he would have a twenty years' agitation in Illinois, "until the governor does have a legal and constitutional right to do something in the premises." He and Mr. Herndon sent money to a friend in New Orleans—their own money—and the negro was returned to his mother.

All the time that Lincoln was at the bar he was interested, as was every patriot, in the politics of his country and watched the progress of the slave power with feelings of which the above incident gives the key. Yet he was growing more and more fond of his profession, and the time had not yet come when, like a soldier marching to the front, he would leave everything for the battle of arguments in defence of the liberties of his country—the “Battle of the Giants,” it was justly called.

XX.

THE LINCOLN-DOUGLAS DEBATES.

At the time of the Revolution all the States tolerated slavery and allowed the slave-trade, that is, the bringing of more slaves from Africa. But many of the most prominent patriots, Washington among them, disapproved of slavery and thought it ought to be, and would be gradually abolished; they feared that it would cause confusion to do this at once. But a majority of public opinion demanded that the "necessary evil," as they called slavery, should cease. And the Ordinance of 1787 passed by Congress establishing government in the Territories had in it an article "ordaining the immediate and perpetual prohibition of slavery," in the Territories. In a few years also the slave trade was to cease; and then slavery would gradually die out. The founders of the republic saw how inconsistent it was to fight for one's own freedom and then enslave other men.

Under the Ordinance of 1787, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin were added to the Union as free States; they had been part of the Territories. After this for about a whole generation the North and the South were evenly balanced as to power; for of the eight new States, four were north of the Ohio River and were free—Vermont, admitted in 1791; Ohio, in 1802; Indiana, in 1816; Illinois, in 1818. But Kentucky, admitted in 1792; Tennessee, in 1796; Louisiana, in 1812; and Mississippi in 1817 were slave States; and Alabama was also to be admitted as slave.

But then the South was not satisfied; it wanted more slave States; and after much discussion in Congress, it was decided that the “Louisiana purchase,” that great strip of land bought from France and running from the Gulf to the Great Lakes, should be divided; the part south of latitude $36^{\circ} 30'$ should be slave; and that part north of this line should be free; Missouri should be admitted as a State, part slave and part free as the line $36^{\circ} 30'$ ran through it; and Maine should be admitted as a free State. This act was approved in March, 1820, and became the famous “Missouri Compromise.” So, the old motto of the framers of the Constitution, “no extension of slavery” was thrust aside

until the Republicans brought it to the front in 1860.

The South having brought in Arkansas a slave State, began to see that after they had Florida, which was admitted in 1845, there was nothing more for them to have as things stood then. So, by means of the Mexican war a large territory was taken from Mexico, larger than Texas rightfully was, and annexed to the United States, and Texas came in as a slave State, the largest State in the Union at that time. Then there was a bitter fight in Congress over the Territories of New Mexico and California which had come as part of the country gained by the war with Mexico. The South wanted to stretch the line of the Missouri Compromise out to the Pacific Ocean taking away the provision of 1787 for free Territories and making New Mexico slave and California half slave and half free, as the line $36^{\circ} 30'$ ran across the State. At last, for the sake of peace and to save the Union, for the South threatened to secede if it did not have its way, a compromise was agreed upon. Congress admitted California as a free State; organized the Territories of New Mexico and Utah as they had come from Mexico which had forbidden slavery; abolished the domestic slave trade in the District of Columbia; and passed a more severe

fugitive slave law; and gave Texas ten million dollars to adjust her State boundaries. This was the compromise of 1850. Neither North nor South liked it; but both accepted it for peace.

In 1833 when Stephen A. Douglas came to Illinois he was twenty years old and penniless. First he was a clerk; then he taught school; he began to practice law the second year, and at twenty-two was elected attorney general of the State; in 1835 he was elected member of the Legislature; and it was here that he and Abraham Lincoln met for the first time. In 1840 he was secretary of State for Illinois; in 1843 he was elected to Congress and re-elected in 1844 and 1846. Before he took his seat under the last election he was elected to the United States Senate. In 1850, during the discussion of the compromise measures in the Senate, Douglas had especially defended the "Missouri Compromise." The year before that he had said it had "an origin akin to the Constitution" and the American people held it as "a sacred thing which no ruthless hand would ever be reckless enough to disturb."

But in 1852 he was talked of as candidate for President, and was voted for in the Democratic National Convention held at Baltimore, June, 1852; and although he did not receive the nomi-

nation, he believed that he should do so another time if he could get the votes of the South. The South wanted more lands for slavery; and Douglas determined to give over to slavery the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska which were soon to come into the Union as States. He preached "popular sovereignty," saying that the States ought to be free or slave as they themselves voted. He originated the Kansas-Nebraska bill to bring in these States as slave States; and to do this the "Missouri Compromise" must be repealed. Through Mr. Douglas, it was repealed in the February of 1854.

A great storm of anger and protest swept over the North; they had looked for peace; instead of this the slavery question was discussed in every State, every city and town and village, almost in every household. When Douglas returned to his own State and tried to speak to the people who had elected him, he was nearly mobbed in Chicago.

But much more than this awaited him. He was to meet face to face a man to whom God had given power to lay bare his false statements and to speak the truth to the people in such way that the nation would listen to him. Abraham Lincoln had come to the front again. The "battle of the giants" was to begin. Lincoln was "intellectually energetic," Herndon says

of him; "and more, he was industrious, tireless, indefatigable. Therefore, if in debate with him a man stood on a questionable foundation he might well watch whereon he stood. Lincoln could look a long distance ahead and calculate the triumph of right. With him justice and truth were paramount. If to him a thing seemed untrue, he could not in his nature simulate truth."

Opposition journals accused Lincoln of "mousing about the libraries in the State House." Yes; here was where he found the facts with which he overthrew his opponent; he did not get his information at second-hand; it is said of him "he had fewer anecdotes and more history." Douglas had been making speeches through the State and people listened to him. At last he came to Springfield at the time that the State Fair was being held. Leading men from nearly all the counties were there. The first day of the Fair, Douglas made a speech and announced that Mr. Lincoln of that city was expected to answer him. Lincoln spoke on the Kansas-Nebraska bill for which Douglas had caused the Missouri Compromise to be repealed, and made an overwhelming exposure of its wrong statements and wickedness. He quoted that Douglas had said it was an insult to the emigrants of Kansas

and Nebraska to suppose they were not able to govern themselves. "I admit that the emigrant to Kansas and Nebraska is competent to govern himself," said Mr. Lincoln, but I deny his right to govern any other person without that person's consent." For there was a great difference between Lincoln and Douglas; Lincoln appreciated the honors of a Senator; but he would never pay the price that Douglas had done; for no reward that could be given him would he betray the cause that God had entrusted him to defend and, later, to lead. His hearers knew as he made this answer that "popular sovereignty" meant giving the South the States for slavery. Mr. Lincoln spoke for about four hours, and the crowd hung on his words; his great knowledge of the history of the whole question, his kindness of temper in his wonderful arguments, his wit and, best of all, his deep faith in his cause carried his audience; his success was absolute. "His whole heart was in his words," said a Springfield paper; "he quivered with feeling and emotion; the whole house was still as death. When he had finished, every man felt that what he had said was unanswerable, nothing could overthrow it. Douglas felt that, too; he struggled to say something to weaken Lincoln's victory. Before that time Lincoln had been leader in his dis-

trict; after this one debate with Douglas, Abraham Lincoln was leader in the State on this new question that filled the hearts of the nation."

He was called for at all the places where Douglas was to speak; and twelve days after the Springfield debate the two met at Peoria. Lincoln as he had done before gave the opening and closing speeches to Douglas, saying that in this way the Democrats would hear him, for they would wait to hear Douglas' reply. When Lincoln came home he wrote out his speech and published it. Douglas had said in regard to slavery that he did not care whether slavery was voted up or down. But Lincoln in answering explained what had been the purposes of the founders of the country in regard to slavery; everywhere he showed how unjust and wicked slavery was. He said that we ought to return to these purposes once more. And he said also that so long as we held slaves in America, the world did not believe so much in us as a republic.

"Allow all the governed an equal voice in the government; that, and that only, is self-government."

"I particularly object to the new position which the avowed principle of the Nebraska law gives to slavery in the body politic. I ob-



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THE LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS MEETING AT GALESBURG, ILLINOIS.

XIII.

IN VANDALIA.

Lincoln, as has been said, was a Whig. Mr. Calhoun was a strong Democrat. Before the young man would accept the position of assistant surveyor from him, he inquired if he should be expected to renounce his principles and turn Democrat; for much as he needed the work, he would not take it on those terms. And he did not. It was not a small matter to fit himself for the work so thoroughly and quickly as he did; it cost him very hard study and plenty of it. That he was ready to give; but he would not sell his vote to any man.

As a surveyor he was so fair and just that he was often sent for to settle disputed boundaries. Herndon tells an incident where after much discussion the parties agreed to send for Lincoln and to abide by his decision. “ ‘He came with compass, flag-staff and chain,’ ” said Mr.

McHenry whom Herndon quotes. “ ‘He stopped with me three or four days,’ ” he added, “ ‘and surveyed the whole section. When in the neighborhood of the disputed corner by actual survey, he called for his staff and driving it in the ground at a certain spot said, “Gentlemen, here is the corner.” We dug down into the ground at the point indicated and lo! there we found about six or eight inches of the original stake sharpened at the end, and beneath this was the usual piece of charcoal placed there by the surveyor who laid the ground off for the government many years before.” Lincoln had done so fairly and well that everybody went away satisfied.

With his income as surveyor, small enough, and his salary as postmaster of New Salem, still smaller, Lincoln was getting on well—when, suddenly, something happened. He had never forgotten his notes given for the purchase of the store, and as he could, he was paying something on them, scrimping himself in every way to do it. But one man grew impatient, sued him for his note and took away his personal possessions, the few he had, and, worse than that, sold his horse and surveying instruments to pay the debt. Then the young man was in a hard place; for he could not do surveying with-

out instruments. But friends bought in the property for him and gave him back his instruments and his horse, waiting until Lincoln could repay them.

There is a proverb that a man who has friends must show himself friendly. Lincoln, certainly, did this to every one he could help, and with no thought whether he himself would ever gain by his kindness. It is told of him that one day when he was about fourteen miles from Springfield he was overtaken by a man whom he knew very slightly, and who was in great haste to reach the land office in Springfield before another man traveling on a different road. He explained to Lincoln that he wanted to enter a small tract of land which joined his; but that this other man who was rich had made up his mind to get it, and would get it if he arrived first. But his own neighbors had advanced the necessary money and he could secure the land by being on hand before the other man. Lincoln looked at the speaker's tired horse and saw that it would give out before the journey's end if it were urged. "Here's my horse," he said. "He's fresh and full of grit; there's no time to be lost; mount him and put him through." And he told the man where to leave the horse for him. At about dark when Lincoln rode in on the jaded

horse which he had let take its time, he found the other man radiant; he had arrived in season and secured his land. The two men were friends the rest of their lives although they were on opposite sides in politics.

One man who knew Lincoln at this time says: "Lincoln had nothing, only plenty of friends." Another said of him that in every circle where he found himself, whether refined or uneducated, he was always the centre of attraction. One day when some of the boys from Illinois college went to see him, they found him flat on his back on a cellar door reading a newspaper. It is said that then Lincoln could repeat the whole of Burns and was a great student of Shakespeare.

And while he was reading law and studying Shakespeare and the politics of the day at the same time, he was going about from place to place surveying, doing fine work in this occupation, making new friends every day and keeping all the old ones, and getting ready for his nomination a second time as representative to the State Legislature. And this second time, in 1834, he had no defeat, but was elected by a good majority.

When Washington was a young man he was a surveyor, also. And the business gave him

such opportunity to see good land and to know it that he selected many choice acres which afterwards brought him in money. But Lincoln never used his business for himself further than to receive pay for his work; he made no money out of it. It seems as if his heart were set upon something before him to be done even when he could not yet see what it was, and he could not give his thoughts to other things. Some biographies of him tell us that he was so poor that when he was elected representative, he walked the hundred miles to Vandalia. But others tell us that he borrowed money from a friend that he might go to the capital in dress and conveyance suitable to a representative, and that he went there by stagecoach which was then the usual way of traveling.

At this first session of the Legislature he was quiet and modest and did nothing to make himself conspicuous. He was all the time learning, learning, not books alone, although he was still studying law harder than ever; but he was getting into knowledge of men who make laws, was growing to perceive how to handle men, that is, how to handle them in law-making. He was born with great power to appeal to men of all ranks and touch their hearts and lead them. No doubt, when he sat there in his place among

other representatives he sometimes thought of a day when he had received one of the hard lessons of his life, a lesson given by a snob in fine clothes to a man too great for him to understand although he was dressed like one of the roughest of country folk. Lincoln was always very fond of going into the courts and listening to the cases tried there. One day a Mr. Breckinridge made a most vigorous and eloquent defence of his client. Lincoln, who had never heard so fine a speech, listened in delighted astonishment. When the case was over, Mr. Breckinridge was walking grandly out of the courtroom, when, straight in his path, stood this immense, raw-boned youth, stretching out a hand and arm with a sleeve far up his wrist, and congratulating Mr. Breckinridge upon his wonderful eloquence. The great man looked for a moment at the tall, ungainly youth, and without having the good manners to take his hand or to utter one word to him, he swept out of the courtroom, indignant at such a fellow's having presumed to speak to him. This was what the young legislator might have recalled as he sat there listening to speeches or went about making acquaintance with his fellow legislators, some of whom in future days would be comrades of his, and others his opponents.

But little could the young man foresee in those days that he and this same snob of a Mr. Breckinridge would one day meet again, that time in Washington; and that when they met, this young man whose hand the snob had refused would then be President of the United States, and Mr. Breckinridge would be only too much honored by being spoken to by him. When that time arrived, Lincoln showed the noble spirit he was of, for again he congratulated the lawyer upon that fine speech of so long before. One can imagine that then Mr. Breckinridge was glad enough to listen to the praise of the man he had flouted as a boy.

In Lincoln's canvass of 1834, or that of 1836, his constituents gave him two hundred dollars to meet the expenses of campaign. When the election was over, he handed back one hundred, ninety-nine dollars and twenty-five cents to the subscribers. "I did not need the money," he said. "I made the canvass on my own horse; my entertainment being at the houses of friends, cost me nothing; and my only outlay was seventy-five cents for a barrel of cider which some farm hands insisted I should treat them to." What candidate for the humblest office could be elected now at an outlay of seventy-five cents! But what candidate could be found with Lincoln's power and popularity!

There was much to learn socially in Vandalia where society was more polished than in New Salem; and the young legislator did not fail to profit by his opportunities. And here in the Legislature he measured himself with the leading men of the community, and held his own with them.

XIV.

THE LINCOLN-STONE PROTEST.

The men who in 1836 assembled at Vandalia as members of the newly elected Legislature of Illinois were a set of picked men. There has been scarcely any other legislative assembly anywhere in which so many members later gained brilliant political reputation. What they did for the State of Illinois in the way of voting money for railroads, canals, and all other improvements which they could devise will be remembered as disastrous legislation which in the end crippled the resources of the State for years to come. But they were new at the work and their purposes were good. Lincoln was among these; he was one of the finance committee busy with these schemes of internal improvement in the State and he did not perceive more than the others that they were bad legislation. In the performance of his duties large sums of money passed through his hands.

But not a dollar staid by the way. When in 1837 he began to practice law he was a very poor man.

It seemed best to the people of Illinois that the capital should be changed from Vandalia to a place more nearly in the middle of the State and having other advantages that Vandalia had not. Springfield was the new capital fixed upon, and the task of bringing this to the Legislature and securing the vote was intrusted to Lincoln. He managed it successfully and to the great satisfaction of his constituents. He also had in charge some improvements on the Sangamon River in which the people of New Salem had not yet lost faith as to the possibility of its being made navigable.

But in his record in the Legislature of Illinois is something of vastly greater importance than the foolish financial schemes in which he joined through ignorance of their folly; and of more value than his advocacy of the opening of the Sangamon River—now long since forgotten—or even than his work in changing the capital to Springfield, a permanent advantage. For it was here while a member of the Legislature that his real work began, the work for which it seems to us human beings as we look at it reverently, that God created him and led him through years of hardship and sorrow and struggle up

to a pinnacle of fame where still greater sorrow and struggle awaited him, but with it a wonderful power and a wonderful opportunity which his character and his life led him to seize and use for the blessing of the nation. For it was during the session of 1836-37 that he first publicly took that stand in regard to slavery which —although at first it looked just the other way— in reality, led him to the White House.

We read books of travel and stories of adventure and novels to hear of men so strong and great that all disadvantages and trials they can overcome and all things that seem against them come in the end to stand for their good; they conquer everything; they conquer everybody; they reach the end they aim at; everybody trusts them and admires and obeys them; their very presence brings strength and help; in every emergency they know the right thing and do it; in every danger they are able to bring relief; they are the great success of genius and the highest in honor and fame. When we read of such heroes we often shut our books with a sigh and wish such persons actually lived. But no book of imagination ever painted a hero so remarkable and so successful as Abraham Lincoln was, if by success we mean accomplishing the great object for which he labored and died; reaching the highest place in one of the greatest

of modern nations and being followed and honored and loved by millions of people. It is true that in stories, and in real life also, men have risen from humble life to a throne. But no other man who has so risen has lifted with him four millions of slaves into freedmen.

The first preparation for this work was Lincoln's sight of the slaves in the cotton fields and in the market when he went to New Orleans, and many times much nearer him also. This sight of men and women bought and sold like cattle, and often of cruel treatment of them by overseers, Lincoln's own great love of freedom and his own remarkable practical sense which saw the unwisdom of slavery, led him to vote against a set of resolutions passed by the Illinois Legislature of 1837 in regard to slavery.

For he believed then, as he said publicly afterward, that for a man to govern himself was "self-government"; but to govern himself and govern another man also was more than self-government; it was despotism. He said also that no man was good enough to govern another man without that other man's consent. That referred to slavery.

These resolutions of the Illinois Legislature were much more favorable to slavery than Lincoln was and endeavored to soothe the South, irritated by discussions about slavery and oppo-

sition to it; for the South could no more keep people from talking about it than it could prevent the wind from blowing; and in trying to stop the talking, it talked a great deal itself and grew more and more angry. These resolutions were discussed for some time and, finally, passed unanimously in the Senate, and passed in the House of Representatives with none but Lincoln and five other members voting against them.

Many men would have thought that having voted against a measure which he disapproved of, he had done his duty; the measure was popular, still, he had voted against it because he thought it wrong. Why not leave the matter there when he was going before the people again for re-election? He was a young and ambitious man with his way to make; why should he say or do anything more about a subject that was unpopular?

Because he was Abraham Lincoln, and it was not his way to leave a thing he believed wrong alone because it was unpopular and he might lose by having anything to do with it. The day before the end of the session he presented to the House, for he was a representative, the following protest which was read and ordered to be recorded:

“Representative from the county of Sangamon.

“Resolutions upon the subject of domestic slavery having passed both branches of the General Assembly at its present session, the undersigned hereby protest against the passage of the same.

“They believe that the institution of slavery is founded on both injustice and bad policy, but that the promulgation of abolition doctrines tends rather to increase than abate its evils.

“They believe that the Congress of the United States has no power under the Constitution to interfere with the institution of slavery in the different States.

“They believe that the Congress of the United States has the power under the Constitution, to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, but that the power ought not to be exercised, unless at the request of the people of the District.

“The difference between these opinions and those contained in the above resolutions is their reason for entering this protest.

“(Signed) DAN STONE,

“A. LINCOLN,

“Representatives from the County of Sangamon.”

We, to-day, cannot understand why anything so very mildly put should be against anyone's

opinion. Yet there is one sentence: "They believe that the institution of slavery is founded on both injustice and bad policy," which shows where Lincoln stood. There he planted himself like a rock, and from this belief and the expression of this belief nothing could move him. He had said once to John Hanks in the New Orleans trip that if ever he had a chance to hit slavery, he would hit it hard. He began then and there. And in some form from that time until his voice through the thunder of cannon overthrew slavery, he was always hitting it hard; and the more people defended it, the more the evils of it stood out, as is the way with all bad things. The South to-day is thankful to be rid of the burden of slavery and has grown stronger in its freedom.

But in those times things were very different. After a terrible conflict which had waked up all the best people in the State, Illinois had voted to be a free instead of a slave State. But the victory won at the polls for freedom did not keep the people from admiring the slave-owners when they came over bringing their slaves to wait upon them. Then, Missouri was just being settled; and the people who passed through Illinois to go to the new State said what a pity it was that they could not remain in Illinois which was so attractive, but they preferred to

go where they could take their slaves with them or could buy them as they liked. Years before Illinois had passed an act hiring slaves from Southern states because it said the people could not operate their mills without them; yet all the while they were treating shamefully the free colored people who came into the State.

Thus, in March, 1837, Abraham Lincoln in the Legislature which had just passed such a vote stood up all the height of his six feet and four inches and declared that "the institution of slavery is founded on both injustice and bad policy"—it would have been hard to find two more rotten pegs to stand anything upon!

But of the five men who voted with him, only one would sign this protest, and he was not going to stand for another election so he did not fear for his office.

It was Lincoln's belief that God guided men's lives. And as Lincoln did the thing he knew to be right and left the result with God, he has made it plain to us that in such a life God does guide.

XXIII.

IN THE WIGWAM AT CHICAGO.

In 1858, after Lincoln had been defeated by Douglas as a Senator from Illinois, he wrote to a friend: "You doubtless have seen ere this the result of the election here. Of course, I wished, but I did not much expect, a better result. I am glad I made the late race. It gave me a hearing on the great and durable question of the age" (slavery) "which I could have had in no other way; and though I now sink out of sight and shall be forgotten, I believe I have made some marks which will tell for the cause of civil liberty long after I am gone."

Lincoln was here referring to his debates with Douglas of that same year when Douglas was running for Senator and Lincoln had brought him so before the country by Douglas' own words in his political answers that in 1860, when Douglas wanted to be President, the South would have nothing to do with him, although

he had gone through some of the Southern States making speeches to uphold slavery. The Convention at Charleston said that Douglas had gone back from his former position because he was so anxious to please the people of Illinois; and he had secured his election as Senator from that State. But he should never get votes for President from the South.

And he never did.

When the Republican National Convention met in Chicago, May 16, 1860, important events had happened since the Philadelphia Convention of 1856. Kansas had narrowly escaped by fraud and violence within its borders and aid of the administration from being forced to become a slave State contrary to the wishes of its people; Charles Sumner, Senator from Massachusetts, who in 1856 had been struck down and nearly murdered in the Senate because he had declared the wrongs of Kansas, had come back to his seat there after years of illness, had declared the "Barbarism of Slavery" in a speech in the Senate which rang through the North; Lincoln in his own State, in Ohio, in New York, New England and elsewhere had thoroughly shown that the aggressions of the slave power were contrary to the Constitution; that the famous "Dred Scott" decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, that the black man had no rights

which the white man was bound to respect, was illegal and monstrous, and many others whether lawyers or not held the same opinion; John Brown's raid and execution had aroused public feeling North and South; many things had served to prove that the contest between slavery and freedom was growing hotter and that the Republican party, if it would make a firm stand against more aggression, if it would again put slavery upon the ground that it had when the government was formed, must make choice of a leader wise and firm, and one who would be able to secure the support of the people.

Of late years one name had been more and more frequently in the hearts and on the lips of Republicans, the name of the man who in 1858 had been defeated as Senator from Illinois, but whose words of wisdom and courage and power had been taken up all over the land. The Lincoln-Douglas debates had been published and had been sold by many thousands, so that those who had never heard Lincoln speak had read his words.

Something else also happened before the meeting of the Republican National Convention at Chicago. The Republican State Convention of Illinois was held at Decatur about a week earlier than the other. Mr. Lincoln's friends determined that the first Convention should

sound the note for the other one. But they said nothing to him of their plans. Mr. Lincoln attended the Convention, but he was among the audience. Gov. Oglesby rose and said, as Mr. Stoddard tells us: "I am informed that a distinguished citizen of Illinois, and one whom Illinois will ever be delighted to honor, is present; and I wish to move that this body invite him to a seat upon the stand." After pausing a moment he added in a clear voice: "Abraham Lincoln!"

The dense crowd shouted its enthusiasm, and Lincoln was actually borne over their heads and shoulders to his seat of honor. After the business of the meeting had gone on for a while, the Governor rose again, and said: "There is an old Democrat outside who has something he wishes to present to this Convention." Then the door opened and a strong old man came marching in with two fence rails on his shoulder and on them a banner which had in large letters:

"TWO RAILS

from a lot made by Abraham Lincoln and John Hanks, in the Sangamon Bottom, in the year 1830."

The bearer was John Hanks.

In an instant, "Abraham Lincoln, the rail-splitter" was accepted as "the representative of the working man and the embodiment of the

American idea of human freedom and possible human elevation." A great wave of enthusiasm swept over the audience. It was destined to sweep to Chicago, and thence over the North.

When the crowd called on Lincoln for a speech, he said that in 1830, John Hanks and he did make some rails in the Sangamon bottom to fence a piece of land; he didn't know whether those were the same rails; he didn't think they were a credit to their makers; and he thought he could make better rails now. His listeners laughed and shouted and listened to him further. But the thing was done. Abraham Lincoln was the choice of the Convention for President of the United States, and the delegates were instructed to cast the vote of the State as a unit for him.

In the National Republican Convention at Chicago, William H. Seward was considered the strongest man; and besides the regular delegates many of his personal and political friends were present, as were those of the other possible candidates. There was no building in Chicago at that time which had a hall large enough to accommodate ten thousand persons, and it was estimated that about that number was at the Convention. A temporary frame building called "The Wigwam" was put up for the occasion, so arranged that all the important personages

could be seen, and every speech could be heard. And here was made a choice at which coming generations, as well as those past, have reason to rejoice.

After the opening prayer and a few items of business, Mr. Evarts of New York stood forth and named "as a candidate to be nominated by this Convention for the office of President of the United States, William H. Seward." Then Mr. Judd desired "on behalf of the delegation from Illinois, to put in nomination as a candidate for President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois." After this were names of others who were to be complimented, as the custom was, by the first votes of their States; these "complimentary" men were cheered by their own States. "But," says an account, "at the names of Seward and Lincoln the whole wigwam seemed to respond together." Some States seconded one candidate, and some the other. In the shouting and stamping the whole building shook. Then the balloting began.

The first ballot gave one hundred seventy-three and one-half votes to Seward, and one hundred and two for Lincoln, with many scattering votes. In the next ballot Lincoln had gained seventy-nine votes, Seward only eleven. Two hundred and thirty-three votes were needed for a choice. The balloting went on again.

Lincoln was still gaining. At last, a teller waved his tally sheet and shouted a name, a cannon was fired from the roof of the wigwam, the crowds in the streets took up the shouts of those within the wigwam. At last, when he could be heard, the presiding officer announced that on the third ballot Abraham Lincoln of Illinois had received three hundred and sixty-four votes and was "the candidate of the Convention for President of the United States." Then Mr. Evarts with great dignity and eloquence moved to make the nomination unanimous.

It was a busy campaign to elect the "Illinois Rail-Splitter." "Wide-Awake" Clubs were organized all over the country, the Republicans in these "marching in close and orderly ranks, wearing each a cap and large cape of oil-cloth, and bearing over his shoulders a long staff, on the end of which blazed a brilliant torch-light." The first "Wide-Awake" Club was in Hartford, Connecticut, and escorted Mr. Lincoln when he went to that city directly after his speech at the Cooper Institute, New York.

In the campaign the "Wide Awakes" were everywhere. Sometimes in the great cities there were twenty thousand marching in a procession; and no village was too small to have its "Wide Awakes." No doubt, they did give evidence of being awake to the situation. For as the months

went by, the prospects of the Republicans grew better and better. In the great battle of the ballot between freedom and slavery, freedom was to conquer. The other terrible battles of the bayonets, the war for the Union—was to follow.

The election for President came November 6, 1860.

When the polls closed that day, Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States.

XXIV.

WHAT THE SOUTH WAS DOING IN THE WINTER OF 1860-61.

The South of the time of which we are speaking was very different from the South as we know it today. The Southerners were always brave and cordial in their manners and hospitable, and they have always had as they have now many fine traits of character.

But when we think of the South as it was at the time of the Civil War, we must remember those words of Abraham Lincoln's, one of the most beautiful thoughts ever uttered. "With malice toward none, with charity for all," he said in his second inaugural address. And it is in this spirit that we must judge the South of that day. It caused the country to spend thousands of millions of dollars in bringing it back to the Union. And the money was a small thing; for thousands upon thousands of the best and bravest young men were killed in the battles

and the sufferings of the terrible Civil War; fathers and mothers mourned for their sons; wives for their husbands; children for their fathers; maidens for their lovers; friends for friends; in every city, and even in every little village in the country, from household to household there was mourning for the brave soldiers who had died. It was a time of grief and dread and agony; there were days when it seemed as if there would no longer be our great nation, but only a country divided and always at war.

But if the South made the North suffer in this way, it also suffered itself in some ways even much more. It was not so rich as the North in the first place; and it grew so poor that before the war was over people were hungry, almost starving; and, at last, there was no food for the soldiers. Then, the war was fought in the South altogether, except two or three battles; and where armies marched and bivouacked and fought, the country was made desolate; forests cut down, earth torn up for ramparts, fields of grain trampled, cattle and forage driven and carried away, and all that was fine and blooming before the armies came left like a wilderness. And much more than all this, the South lost its best and bravest young men as well as the North; and in all homes was sadness and mourning.

But the Southerners believed with all their hearts that they were fighting for their own land and their freedom; they never thought of the whole land as their own but only of the South and especially of their own State. For a whole generation of them had been educated to believe in slavery and State's Rights. They thought that allegiance was due to their own State above any allegiance that they owed to the nation, and that the rights of their States were being trampled upon, and must be defended. Many of the Southerners really believed that the North intended to destroy their liberties.

In some way, the end of this state of things had to come; and the whole country is glad that out of all the suffering and strife came good results. One of these was that when the Northern soldiers and the Southern soldiers stood face to face and fought each other day after day, and sometimes the wounded of one side were cared for and helped by the other, they learned that after all they were brothers, and now they have come to love one another. And then the cause of all the trouble—slavery—was taken away. So, after long years it has come to pass that North and South no longer stand face to face like foes, but shoulder to shoulder, like true brothers, as they are. In this narrative we shall have to recall many hard times and terrible

battles and wrongs. But through all we must remember that these days have gone by.

In the Presidential campaign of 1860, the extreme Democrats of the party to which Jefferson Davis and others like him belonged, nominated John C. Breckinridge for President and declared that slavery was morally right and a blessing to the country and that they would extend it into the Territories and into new States. The regular Democratic party nominated Douglas and declared that it did not care whether slavery was right or wrong, or limited or extended; it would let the people of the Territories do as they pleased about it, and would obey the Constitution and the Supreme Court. The party which nominated Bell and Everett, pretended to ignore slavery and stand only by "the Constitution, the Union, and the Laws." But the Republican party believed slavery morally wrong and hurtful to society, and intended to restrict it to where it was at that time under the constitutions and laws of the slave States.

The leader of this party, the man who had declared the Kansas-Nebraska bill to mean: "That if any one man chooses to enslave another, no third man shall be allowed to object," Abraham Lincoln, in November, 1860, was elected President of the United States.

This meant to the South that in its own province it would not be interfered with; but that there were people in the country with both will and vote; and the South could not then rule the nation by the ballot.

Seeing this, the Southern leaders withdrew their States from the Union to form a Southern Confederacy. Many of the Southern people did not realize what they were doing; and some did not want to go; but they were swept on in the tide. Indeed, the people of some of the States never had a chance to say whether they wanted to secede or not; they were not asked to vote on the matter; they simply followed their leaders.

South Carolina, however, was delighted to go out of the Union, and passed an ordinance of secession on the twentieth of December, 1860; Mississippi seceded the ninth of the following January; and Alabama, Florida, Georgia soon after; Louisiana went out January twenty-eighth; and Texas, February first. On the sixth of February delegates from these seven States met at Montgomery, Alabama, and organized the "Confederate States of America"; they elected Jefferson Davis as President, and he was installed on the eighteenth. Then a law was passed to raise an army for these Confederate States and in place of the dear old "stars and stripes" of our flag, they made a flag of

“stars and bars.” As we know, Virginia followed these States; and so did Arkansas; and in Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri, border States, there was a hard struggle between the loyal and the disloyal men.

Many more Southerners than Northerners had been educated at the United States West Point Military Academy. A large number of these officers followed their States and gave their services to the Southern Confederacy; there were between two and three hundred of these. So when it came to a question of war between North and South, these skilfully trained officers were a great loss to the North. But many of these men went over to the South promptly and openly; and although they were false to the country which had educated them, they did the thing they believed right; for, as has been said, they had been taught that they owed allegiance to their State rather than to the nation. Those officers who were true to the nation had a hard time, if they happened to be stationed at the South, in getting away and offering their services to their country.

But there was another class of men; and what word can we have for these? They were men who kept their positions of trust under the United States government, some even in President Buchanan's cabinet, learned all the secrets

of the forts and arsenals and arms belonging to the nation, sent the ships away to foreign ports in order that they might not be on hand at time of need, stole for the Southern Confederacy all the government arms and ammunition they could lay hands on, captured some of the forts in Southern harbors, and in every way possible deceived and frightened the weak President into yielding to their wishes.

It would take a volume to tell of all the things that were going on at the South where everybody was preparing for war; at the North where everybody hoped that war need not come; in Congress where parties were trying to patch up a peace; in the army where the most skilful officers were resigning from their commands; in the navy where many officers were false to their trusts, although many were very true—all the country was in stress and strain, doing it did not realize what, waiting for it knew not what. For very much went on between November, 1860, and the following March, 1861.

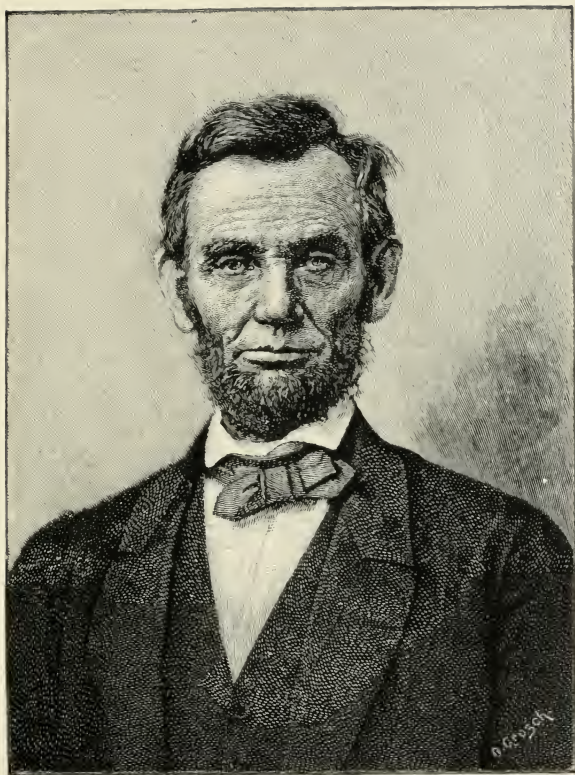
But Abraham Lincoln was not yet President; he was only President-elect. He could do nothing yet to oust the traitors from the cabinet and councils of Buchanan.

XXV.

WHAT THE NEW PRESIDENT HAD TO FACE.

When Abraham Lincoln had been elected President of the United States he was still the same kindly man and had the same care for the pleasure of others as when in the old days he used to ride the circuit and in the evenings instead of enjoying himself at the inns with the other lawyers, would often walk far to visit some old friend of his humbler days. Once when urged not to go, as he would have to walk several miles, he answered: "Why, aunt's heart would be broken if I should leave town without calling upon her."

Now, so many people from all parts were constantly coming to call upon the President-elect that he could not receive them all in his own home and a large room in the State House was set apart for him to receive his guests. But there was no ceremony; there were no ushers to present them, or even servants to attend the



LINCOLN, AT THE TIME OF HIS ELECTION AS PRESIDENT.
From an unretouched negative.

door; whoever wished to do so opened the door and walked in, and he received a kind greeting and probably carried away with him some word that he would remember.

But these were very busy days with Mr. Lincoln. Many of his friends seemed to feel that because they were his friends he should give them an office; and although when they were well suited to the place desired, he sometimes did this, he was far from making a rule; he said that public offices were not to be distributed as a reward of private friendship. He had the idea of civil service reform long before it was spoken of in the country and when it was the custom of every administration to turn out of office all those whom the former administration had appointed and to put in its own men as personal friends, or to reward political services, or to give the office-holders an opportunity to work for that party. The famous motto: "To the victors belong the spoils," refers to this custom, and the "spoils of office" mean the same thing.

In the selection of his cabinet, that is, the heads of the departments of state, army and navy, and the other departments most closely connected with the President and constantly meeting and advising with him, Lincoln showed the same spirit; he called around him, not his

personal friends, but men of influence from different parts of the country who represented the feeling of their section and who were skilful in the duties required of them. William H. Seward whom he had defeated as Presidential nominee in the Chicago convention, he invited to be secretary of state, and Salmon P. Chase of Ohio, a skilful financier, to be secretary of the treasury. It needed such a man, for the Republicans when they came into office found the public treasury empty. Lincoln was so anxious to be fair to all the people and give the South a representation also, that at one time he would have invited Mr. Stephens of Georgia into his cabinet; but he was afraid that Georgia would secede and take him with her; and this is what happened; for Mr. Stephens became Vice-president of the new Confederacy.

Mr. Lincoln decided to leave Springfield in season to visit a few of the large cities and meet the people there on his way to his inauguration. On the morning of the eleventh of February, 1861, he and his party left Springfield. It was a cold, rainy morning. Long before the hour for starting a great crowd of his fellow-citizens had collected at the station. A few minutes before the hour Mr. Lincoln passed through the crowd shaking hands with as many as possible, and stepped upon the rear platform

of his train. "Here," says Mr. Lamon, "facing about to the throng which had closed around him, he drew himself up to his full height, removed his hat, and stood for several seconds in profound silence. His eye roved sadly over that sea of upturned faces; and he thought he read in them again the sympathy and friendship which he had often tried, and which he never needed more than he did then. There was an unusual quiver in his lip, and a still more unusual tear on his shrivelled cheek. His solemn manner, his long silence, were as full of melancholy eloquence as any words he could have uttered. . . . Imitating his example, every man in the crowd stood with his head uncovered in the fast-falling rain.

" 'Friends,' " he said at last, " 'no one who has never been placed in a like position can understand my feelings at this hour, nor the oppressive sadness I feel at this parting. For more than a quarter of a century I have lived among you, and during all that time I have received nothing but kindness at your hands. Here I have lived from my youth, until now I am an old man. Here the most sacred ties of earth were assumed. Here all my children were born; and here one of them lies buried. To you, dear friends, I owe all that I have, all that I am. *All the strange, checkered past*

seems to crowd now upon my mind. To-day I leave you. I go to assume a task more difficult than that which devolved upon Washington. Unless the great God who assisted him, shall be with me and aid me, I must fail; but if the same omniscient Mind and almighty Arm that directed and protected him shall guide and support me, I shall not fail—I shall succeed. Let us all pray that the God of our fathers may not forsake us now. To Him I commend you all. Permit me to ask, that, with equal security and faith, you will invoke His wisdom and guidance for me. With these few words I must leave you; for how long I know not. Friends, one and all, I must now bid you an affectionate farewell.' "

Did any warning come to him as he stood there that never again would he look into these well-known faces? Was any hint given to him at the moment that when next he came to Springfield he would be borne there as the martyred President and that these same faces would gaze upon him with sadness and tears?

Mr. Lincoln had great public receptions at Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Columbus, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Buffalo, Albany, New York City and Philadelphia. Then there were stops at places on the route where Lincoln showed himself and spoke to the people. At one of these he said:

“Let me tell you that if the people remain right, your public men can never betray you. If, in my brief term of office, I shall be wicked or foolish, if you remain right and true and honest you cannot be betrayed. My power is temporary and fleeting—yours as eternal as the principles of liberty. Cultivate and protect that sentiment, and your ambitious leaders will be reduced to the position of servants.”

At Philadelphia Mr. Lincoln was informed that there was a plot to assassinate him as he passed through Baltimore, and that he must reach there by an earlier train than the one expected. He said that he had two public engagements in Philadelphia, and that he should meet these if it cost him his life. The first was raising a new flag over Independence Hall. It was a sacred act to him to speak a few words in the very room in which the Declaration of Independence had been signed, and then to draw up with his own hands the stars and stripes until they floated over the hall of liberty. Then he went on that night through Baltimore, instead of the following morning as had been publicly announced; and arrived safely in Washington. History has shown that there was no doubt as to the plot against him; it was so well known that the son of Mr. Seward, the new secretary,

came in person to Philadelphia to tell Mr. Lincoln.

The whole country, North and South, waited eagerly for the inaugural address. On the morning of the Fourth of March, President Buchanan, the out-going President, as the custom was and still is, called in his carriage to escort to the Capitol Abraham Lincoln, who was then to be made President in his place. And although it had been said over and over again that he should never be allowed to live to be President, there he stood reading his inaugural and beside him stood Mr. Douglas, his defeated rival for the Presidency, holding the new President's hat with the greatest courtesy. And it should be remembered that Mr. Douglas during the remainder of his life was most true to the Union and did all in his power to aid Mr. Lincoln in defending it. So that the two became good friends.

The inaugural stated the whole case so clearly, declared so plainly the intention of the Republican party not to interfere with slavery where it then existed, and was so kind and respectful in tone towards the South that the Southern papers were afraid it would make their people take a "sober second thought," and they said untrue things against it. After showing the disadvantages of disunion and saying

many wise things, he finished by warning the secessionists that the burden of this act would be upon them. He said: "In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the government; while I have the most solemn one to 'preserve, protect and defend' it."

This meant that if there was to be a war, the South would have to begin it. There stood the President; and the North was with him.

XXVI.

FIRING ON THE FLAG.

When Mr. Lincoln was reading his inaugural address to the people, a man standing in a doorway of the Capitol was watching him with a scornful expression as he listened. This was Senator Wigfall from Texas. He knew how the plans of the Southerners had been made; how even then troops were ready to take possession of the Territory of New Mexico; how a conspiracy in California hoped to bring in that State for the South; how in New York City there were men who felt that before long they could win this to the South as an "independent city"; how Maryland had thousands of her population longing to join the other Southern States; how, soon, they would capture the North, which was much too busy buying and selling ever to dream of fighting them, even if they had not so many friends among the Northerners; how after this, the South would take possession of Cuba and the rest of the West Indies,

and Mexico—all these they would have and would form a mighty slave empire on this continent; there was nothing to resist them. And over this vast empire Mr. Wigfall and his friends were to rule as absolutely as they ruled over their slaves and the poor whites at the South, and some—not all—of the Democratic party at the North. To Mr. Wigfall listening scornfully in the doorway of the national Capitol, the matter was entirely settled, and the Southern Confederacy a resistless success.

He lived to see something far different. For by the mercy of God, the United States, founded in toil and prayer and battle, were not destined to be slave, but to be free; and Abraham Lincoln had been made President.

All through that March the North was undefended, entirely so at first, but more guarded as the days went by. The soldiers, the officers, the arms, the cannon, were principally at the South, seized from government arsenals and stations, or sent there from the North by some of the officers of President Buchanan's cabinet.

Still, Abraham Lincoln waited and waited as the days went by. He was keeping to the letter his promise to the South made in his inaugural: "The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors." And while he waited he was sav-

ing his time and gaining strength; he was silently getting ready for the struggle that he feared must come; and the North, holding its breath in the waiting and watching the President, saw that he was doing his very best to keep peace with the South and to give it an opportunity to take that sober second thought and return to the Union. So, he waited, and made ready. If a very great matter may be likened to a small one, his attitude was what it had been in the old days at New Salem when he told Jack Armstrong and his wild boys of Clary's Grove that he did not want to fight, and stood off and tried to pacify them until they attacked him. Then he roused and showed his giant strength.

The South waited also. But while it waited, it grew all the time weaker and weaker. The truth was that it had really no grievances to fight for; nothing was the matter except that its leaders wanted the power all the time, and the election had shown that the other party was to have its turn at that; that slavery was to stay within its present limitations and be protected there by the government, not molested in any way, but not permitted to stride over the whole land. The Southern leaders knew that there were many persons in the South who would be only too glad to remain in the Union, if they could,

but who were being held down so that they could not speak but at peril of their lives.

These leaders perceived that every day that nothing happened, every day that the Federal government held off and let them alone, these secret Unionists thought better of the government; that after a time they would gather strength to say so; and that something must be done speedily to unite the whole South as one man against the North.

They saw that while they waited, they lost time. If they did not use the army they had collected, it would melt away; if they did not strike a blow to show that the Southern Confederacy was something more than a convention, it would go to pieces of itself. They had hoped that, after all, they could force Abraham Lincoln to strike first in the name of the government. They had not become very well acquainted with him then.

It has been said that some of the forts at the South had fallen into the hands of the Confederacy—those on the Texan frontier, and those in Pensacola Bay, and others. But in the harbor of Charleston, South Carolina, the forts, Pinckney, Moultrie and Sumter had still stood garrisoned by the United States troops when South Carolina seceded. And when Lincoln was inaugurated, more than two months

later, although the other two forts had been abandoned because Buchanan could not protect and properly garrison and supply them with food and ammunition, the stars and stripes still floated over Fort Sumter guarded by that loyal officer, Major Robert Anderson.

But the confederates blockaded it so thoroughly that no help could get to it. When Major Anderson sent word to the President that the troops had food for only a few days longer, Mr. Lincoln sent a message to the Governor of South Carolina that an attempt would be made "to supply Fort Sumter with provisions only," and that if the attempt was not resisted, no provisions, or arms, or ammunition would be thrown in without giving notice, or unless the fort were attacked.

The relief expedition started. But it never got in. And the confederate authorities decided that this attempt to carry food to a starving garrison was "a declaration of war."

April 12th, 1861, the first gun was fired against Fort Sumter; and then the batteries all about the fort opened a vigorous cannonade.

Major Anderson endured this as long as he could; and then he and his seventy men sadly hauled down the stars and stripes and surrendered to General Beauregard and his seven thousand armed confederates.

XXVII.

HOW THE NORTH RESPONDED.

The people of the North were not familiar with military tactics. They had not understood that the blockade of Fort Sumter was in itself war. They were still dreaming of compromise and peace, although the political sky was black with storm.

But in every city and town and village and little hamlet and far-away house, and in every room of every house, and in every heart throughout the length and breadth of the North was heard the boom of that cannon at Sumter firing upon our flag.

And at the sound of that cannon the North rose up, flung away all thought of question or compromise, and stood forth in its wrath—a giant.

Much, much had it endured, and would have endured for peace and brotherhood. But to fire on the flag! That was WAR!

Then men forgot whether they were Repub-

licans, or Democrats. They remembered only that they were Americans; that they had a country to save and must save it; and that death would be better than to have their flag trailed in the dust. Some Englishman who had been visiting this country a few years previously had said that we were a nation of soldiers. The guns of Sumter proved the truth of his prophecy. In a day, as it were, an army of patriots had sprung up to the defence of their country.

For directly after Fort Sumter was taken, the States of North Carolina, Arkansas, and Virginia went out of the Union and joined the Southern Confederacy. Until this time Virginia had been between the confederates and Washington. But now that it had itself become disunionist, it was a threat instead of a protection to the national capital, while if Maryland had not actually joined the South, so many of her people wanted to do it that she also was a menace rather than a safeguard to the government; and the government meant the country.

There was only one thing to do in this great emergency, and Mr. Lincoln did it promptly. Sumter fell on the fourteenth of April, 1861. That was Sunday. That very day by mail and telegraph there started over the country the President's first proclamation calling for

troops. It was dated Monday, April 15. In this proclamation he called forth "the militia of the several States of the Union, to the aggregate number of seventy-five thousand." This was to suppress the "combinations" of the different States against the Union, "and to cause the laws to be duly executed."

He called for this militia for only ninety days. In the same proclamation he summoned an extra session of Congress for the following "fourth day of July, then and there to consider and determine such measures as in their wisdom the public safety and interest may seem to demand."

So, all the North awoke to the war that was to be for ninety days. The preachers preached; the orators declaimed; the poets sang; the governors of the different States issued proclamations and made ready; hammers clanged and anvils rang, and arms were to be forged, and arsenals opened their doors to furnish weapons for the soldiers who were marching to the defence of their country, marching to defend the Union; all the land was in the bustle of preparation for this war, the end of which we were to see in ninety days—that is, if in that time the Southern confederacy would yield to persuasion, or force, and give up its war against the government

But a dozen times ninety days was not to see the end of this war.

Men crowded about the recruiting offices and enlisted. They wanted to rush to the front. The first regiment to get to Washington came from the Pennsylvania militia. It was not half armed, but at least it arrived, to finish preparations there. It went through Baltimore so suddenly that the people there who were ready to take part with the South had no chance to block its passage. But they were all ready directly afterward. For, April seventeenth, the Massachusetts Sixth Regiment, all armed and equipped, had started for Washington. On the eighteenth it marched down Broadway, New York, singing as it went, while thousands in the streets watched it:

“John Brown’s body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
His soul goes marching on!”

The next day the New York Seventh Regiment set out for the capital of the nation.

But on the nineteenth of April—the anniversary of the battle of Lexington—the Massachusetts troops were attacked by a mob in Baltimore, and fired upon, and some of them killed. The soldiers kept their discipline and fired only when compelled to defend themselves. That night the secession mob of Baltimore and others

in the State cut the telegraph wires and burned the nearest bridges from the free States into Baltimore, so that no more troops should go through in aid of the government; the feeling was so strong that the State was almost carried into secession; and if the mob had had a leader equal in ability to its desires, the secessionists in Maryland would have shut in Washington between themselves and the confederates at the South and captured it before the other regiments could have arrived. This was what Jefferson Davis had arranged with the people of Maryland to do. For a time Washington was in great danger.

But Lincoln did not lose his head. He brought in the other regiments a different way, in spite of the Governor of Maryland; and soon the Union forces had come in. So, the stars and bars never floated over Washington, as the confederates had expected at that time, and so often threatened afterward.

All this did not make the North less swift in sending men to protect and defend our country. But one of Mr. Lincoln's great difficulties was to know who was loyal to the Union. About a week after the taking of Fort Sumter he spoke to Colonel Robert E. Lee, a West Point officer, in regard to his taking command of the Union army. Colonel Lee, however, was a Virginian

and was waiting to see how his State went. When he found that Virginia had seceded, he resigned his place in the United States army that same day, and within a week was given command of the Virginia State army, and soon afterward was made general of the confederate army.

But General Scott, another Virginian, was loyal and he helped the President as much as he could; and soon the forts around Washington were manned and in order. Maryland did not secede, as we know, although it came so near it; and after a time the loyal people in it gained the power and the State remained for the Union throughout the war.

Mr. Lincoln had been in the Black Hawk war, one of the volunteer militia. He understood that, however brave and willing ninety days' men may be, they are ready to go home when their time is up; and he speedily realized that a longer time would be needed to make these recruits into the soldiers that this conflict would require. So he sent out word through the war department that over forty thousand of the men who all over the country were volunteering for the army would be accepted for three years, or during the war. And at the same time he called for seamen. In this way he had an army

and a navy to stand by him when the ninety days' militia should go home.

It may be that that old history of Washington which he had borrowed when a boy and had let get wet in the storm and so had to work so hard to pay for, helped him now. For Stoddard tells us that he remembered how Washington had been hampered in his work, and at times almost defeated in his efforts, through his soldiers' time of enlistment being out just when he needed them most. Lincoln determined to be provided against this danger.

So, daily, hourly, by constant study and watchfulness, by learning from all who could tell him, and then using his own best judgment in action, Abraham Lincoln labored to guide into peace and safety again the nation which had chosen him for its leader and head.

XXVIII.

THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

A great many important things in a military sense were done in the latter part of April. Washington was made safe for that time; Fortress Monroe, that commands the "water gateway of Virginia," was reinforced and held; the government works at Harper's Ferry were blown up and burned to save them from the confederate troops; the city of Cairo, Illinois, at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, was held by government forces; and the blockade of the Southern States by water which Mr. Lincoln had ordered was extended to Virginia and North Carolina; and different military departments were formed under the charge of different generals.

It was of as great importance to the government to keep the border States out of the confederacy as it was to the South to have them join it; the Southern leaders were all the time pressing and forcing upon them the decision to

secede, and Mr. Lincoln was all the time holding back from everything which would give them even an excuse for going over to the confederacy. The matter of the "long bridge" is one instance of how careful he was not to do anything which a border State could resent. Washington, as we know, is so situated that in order to make the city really secure it was necessary that the government should hold some of the surrounding heights and places of strategic importance across the Potomac. But these were on Virginian soil; therefore, so long as Virginia remained in the Union, although it was plain that her secessionists were going to drag her out, the heights yet remained untouched by the Federal government. It kept a small guard at the bridge, it was true, to prevent its being destroyed; but nobody interfered with travel or merchandise going across it; and when a stray secessionist from Maryland wanted to go South to join the confederate army, nobody hindered him. And it is said that after nightfall the squad of Union soldiers in charge there went across and "hobnobbed" with the Virginia State militia posted on the other side and their officers said very little about it. Just as long as it was possible to forbear, Mr. Lincoln did it.

In addition to all that was to be done here, it

was necessary to make the government right with the nations of Europe, some of whom were much interested in the Southern confederacy. For Jefferson Davis had early sent over representatives to induce them to recognize and approve of the "Confederate States of America"; and if they had done so, it would have been much harder for the government. But Mr. Lincoln knew they would do it unless he prevented it. He said in effect that this was a family quarrel and that foreign nations had nothing to do with it. The details of this statement he left to Secretary Seward, who was well versed in diplomacy and knew how to manage the matter with skill and success.

Meanwhile the North had sent forth its men by the thousands, the hundred thousand, for soldiers and sailors; and the people could not imagine why Mr. Lincoln did not take hold with them and conquer the confederacy straightway? Why was he so slow? They thought they saw everything. But, really, they saw at the time but little of the difficulties and dangers in the way. They could not even realize—for they knew only in a general way at the time—how the government found secret enemies at every turn, in army and navy and in the different departments of the administration. At that time to find out anything that "Lincoln" proposed to

do and to tell it to the confederates was held a fine thing by certain persons.

April twenty-ninth Jefferson Davis assembled the confederate Congress at Montgomery, and made a long and public statement of the wrongs of the South which he published to the world. It was full of untruths carefully put. But after declaring all the preparations for war and for maintaining the Southern confederacy, he added one more word which was certainly true and became a byword at the North through the war. For: "All we want," said Mr. Jefferson Davis, "is to be let alone."

The speeches of the Southern leaders aggravated the North. Mr. Jefferson Davis said openly that the North, and not the South, should be the field of war. And Floyd, who had stolen all he could of government property while he was secretary of war under Buchanan, prophesied that the stars and bars, the flag of the confederacy, would float over the dome of the old capitol at Washington before May first, 1861, and that it "might float eventually over Fanueil Hall itself." So little did the people of the South understand the North.

It has been said that directly after the fall of Sumter the Legislature of Virginia voted the State out of the Union. But this vote had to go to the people of the State to be confirmed.

A few days afterward Jefferson Davis transferred the seat of his government to Richmond. So, the leaders and plenty of troops were on hand there. May twenty-third the vote was taken. By sunset that same day, within an hour of the time that Lincoln learned that Virginia had seceded, regiments of Union troops were marching across the long bridge, and by daylight every position of defence desired had been seized by the government. And early that same day regiments were at work with pick and spade throwing up fortifications. For, as we know, the great battle-ground of the war was not the North, but the South. Up and down, and back and forth, over and over in different States, but especially in Virginia, the armies marched, and entrenched, and fought for four terrible years.

There never was a more remarkable army than that which answered the call of President Lincoln. Never were twenty millions of people more full of zeal and enthusiasm for the cause for which their soldiers were to fight; and never were soldiers themselves more deeply interested in the cause for which they were to fight. It was no wonder; the spirit of the war was everywhere. In all the cities and towns; not only in public halls and at war meetings; but in all the workshops and factories, in all the homes, yes,



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PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND HIS SON THOMAS ("TAD").

From a photograph.

and even by the school boys and girls, the war was talked over. And around the doors of the homes of the foreign population groups would be collected, one reading the newspaper and the others listening to what was doing in the army.

The army was made up of men of every rank from the sons of millionaires to day laborers. In it were skilled mechanics of every description. When on their march they found railroads torn up, or bridges burned, or when anything went wrong, there was always somebody among the soldiers who knew how these things were to be repaired and who could step out from the ranks and help to do it. There is a story of a day when one of the Union generals needed badly to use an engine to transport some of his troops. But the engine had been put out of order by the confederates. One man came forward and said he thought he "could fix it." "What makes you think you can fix it?" asked his general. "Because I made it," returned the man. And he did "fix" it.

But one thing this army did not know at the beginning of the conflict; and that was the rules and manœuvres of war. They were not used to fighting, and this takes training as truly as baseball and football and boat-racing and other games need training, and a great deal more of

it. These men were, really, not as well prepared as the minute men in the Revolutionary war, because those had been trained in Indian wars and in hunting and had had more practice in the use of weapons. In case of fire in a school-house we know what the difference is between the very same children when they have had no practice and when they have been well trained in the fire-drill. If they have, they will go out of the house in perfect order and nobody is hurt, or even frightened. But if not, there will be a terrible rush and crowding and danger. Yet, in both cases the children will be the same children. That was a good deal the difference between our army at first, and later. Then, as it has been said before, the greater part of the officers trained by the government to fight for it in times of danger had been Southerners and had gone with their States; while many Union officers were untrained in war. All this made a vast difference at the Battle of Bull Run.

There is not time to tell of the things that came to pass before those July days on which the battle was fought. Only, this was true, that some of the generals were very stupid or disloyal in carrying out the spirit of their orders, and General Johnston, the confederate general who should have been intercepted by the Union forces, was allowed to join General Beauregard,

and this made up largely the force that won the battle at Bull Run. For at Bull Run, in Virginia, the Union forces had been ordered to meet the confederates in battle. The battle was not opened at the time arranged for; the Union officers did not know how to deploy their troops skilfully and the confederates attacked the army instead of its being the other way, and in a place particularly unfortunate.

There was a great deal of hard fighting on both sides; but after the battle had raged nearly two days a panic seized the Union forces, such as sometimes seizes the best-trained soldiers, and they broke and ran away, until at last they all gathered in Washington—those who were left of them, and the great army upon which the country had depended for victory was too disorganized even for defence. Had the confederates followed up hard, they could have captured Washington in that first wild alarm. Congress was in extra session during this battle; and some of the congressmen had gone to the field of Bull Run to “see the fight,” as if it were to be a holiday victory. One of these was captured; and the others came flying back with no desire to see any more battles.

The South was wild with delight over its victory; while for a very short time the North was in despair over this terrible defeat. It

seemed as if for us all was blackness, while for the confederacy success was near. But things did not prove so. The South began to feel that if victory was to be won so easily, there was no need of its trying so very hard to raise men and money. Then, it did not follow up the victory and received not much more than the fame of the battle. On the other hand, the North gathered itself together for the long, hard combat and put forth new strength. It took courage and saw that, after all, everything was not lost. Congress voted the President all the men and all the money he needed at the time, even more money than he asked for. And when some of the New York bankers met and began to be afraid of the future value of the government bonds, one of them said: "If you let the government go down, your other securities won't be worth much to speak of. We must let the President have the last cent."

This was the spirit in which the North met the defeat of Bull Run, and in the end turned it into a victory. Just as in a man's life, many a defeat proves in the end a gain to him.

XXIX.

SOME OF THE UNION GENERALS.

After the battle of Bull Run over which the confederates boasted so much there was a feeling in the South, as has been said, that it would be easy enough to conquer the "Yankees"; the South was then in the habit of calling all the Northerners—especially those who opposed it—"Yankees." And it was even whispered at the North that the men had become so discouraged and frightened by the Bull Run defeat, that they would flee at the sight of any confederate forces. But in October this was found to be most untrue. For then came the battle of Ball's Bluff, in Virginia. Here the Union troops were badly handled by their officers, and although General McClellan was fairly near with a very large army, he sent no reinforcements. As a result the army was so badly beaten by the confederates that almost half the men engaged were killed. Much as the North grieved over this

disaster, it proved beyond question that the troops would fight splendidly against great odds. The question of their courage was settled. It must be seen to that they had proper leaders.

General Scott, who until then had been in charge of the army, resigned. He did not like the way many things were going. He said he was too old for the labor and responsibility. The President appreciated so much his services and his loyalty when so many officers had deserted and taken sides with their different seceding States, that he and all his cabinet paid an official visit to the old General and read him the letter he had written to him expressing the regret of the President and his Cabinet and of the people at his impaired health, and the sense of the many great and important services which General Scott had rendered his country; for Scott had also won honor in the Mexican war. It was like Lincoln to make General Scott happy by this thoughtfulness. But many men oppressed by harassing cares would never have done it. It was only another evidence that if a man's heart is right, he can be in the truest sense as much a gentleman if he was born in a log cabin as in a palace.

Then he gave General McClellan the place that General Scott had resigned. McClellan

was excellent at organizing and drilling an army, and great things were expected of him in those early days. The President did all he could to help him on to victory, the country waited on his footsteps and the army loved him; he could have had laurels in plenty by reaching out for them.

But many more generals were needed; and the President as commander-in-chief of the army and navy must see that these were wisely chosen; he must appoint men both skilful and trusty, men who knew how to win victories and who would not do all they could to keep the government from defeating the confederacy while at the same time they were pretending to serve their country. There were such generals in the army at one time; it was hard to discover them and weed them out. As the war went on a good many men who had been educated at the West Point military academy and then had left the army and gone into business came forward to offer their services to their country. Ulysses S. Grant was one of these; and a command was given him in the West where he with other generals and the brave men under them won victories of great value. For these destroyed the plans of the confederates to carry Missouri and Kentucky out of the Union and gave new strength to the Union men there. Then, the

army under General Sherman and the navy under Commodore Dupont captured Port Royal in South Carolina. The following year still more was done in Kentucky and Tennessee; and New Orleans was captured and a part of the Mississippi River opened by the Union gun boats, and held.

After the Union defeats in Virginia, the first year, nothing was done by the army of the Potomac. Poor General McClellan got into the Virginia mud—not being willing to fight during fine autumn weather when everybody wanted him to do it. He would not put his army into winter huts as the confederates did their soldiers; he wished to have the appearance of being always just about to advance; but the months went by and the soldiers died by the thousands in the swamps and the President in vain commanded him to go forward; he always had some excuse.

Meanwhile, Mr. Lincoln was laboring at his terrible task, with other generals besides those named, or any that have a place on the list of officers. Mr. Stoddard tells us of the great room where he worked “through all the days and half through all the nights.” There was but little furniture in it; and this had never been altered since the days of President Jackson whose favorite chair still stood there. There

were folios of maps against the walls; volumes of military history came and went from the libraries and lay about on the President's table. Lincoln arose early and always breakfasted simply; he was often at work before the humblest clerk of the government had eaten his breakfast. "He knew," says Stoddard, "every river, mountain range, creek, hill, valley, on the broad acres through which the tides of war were to flow. He was better than ever acquainted with the local populations, their industries, tendencies, origins, wealths or poverties. No man living was endowed with better capacity to digest, assimilate and use all this knowledge." What it was to the country that Lincoln so studied and informed himself cannot be told. He once wrote to General McClellan about some point on which McClellan disputed him—as he was very apt to do—"I ordered" (such a thing) "on the unanimous opinion of every military man I could get an opinion from, and *every modern military book*,—yourself only excepted." What study that meant!

Then, in winning the great battle for the Union against disunion, Mr. Lincoln had to unite all the forces of the North, and some of these were not friendly to him and were difficult to manage. In all these matters he had to use the services of those skilful generals of dis-

cretion, carefulness, faithfulness, wisdom, unselfishness, industry, ability that dwelt in his own head and heart. A busy time of it had the President bending day and night over his work and trying to turn all forces at his command into the service of his country.

In the November of 1861, Captain Wilkes of our navy captured two Southerners, Messrs. Mason and Slidell, who had run the blockade and were going abroad to try to get England and France to recognize the Southern Confederacy. They had run across to Havana and there taken passage in a British mail steamer—the “Trent.” It was from this ship that Captain Wilkes took them. There was great ado. The South rejoiced, because she believed that the English were so angry to have passengers taken from one of their ships that they would go to war. It was perhaps right that the men should not be detained; but the manner in which they were demanded by the British minister proved to the Americans how much the English people were in favor of the South and hoped for their success, and how rude they could be to the government when they thought it had on its hands a war in which perhaps it could not conquer.

But this was a time when President Lincoln took counsel of his wise General Discretion,

decided that he would not have a war with England on our hands at the same time with the war with the Southern confederacy, or at all, if he could help it, and gave up Messrs. Mason and Slidell. They could not do any real harm, after all. For England and France did not recognize the confederacy then, or ever; and after the Union cause had won, of course they said that they had never thought of doing it.

XXX.

PEOPLE WHO TRIED TO ADVISE.

Stoddard says that a President's mail is always large; but that Mr. Lincoln's grew so heavy that it was impossible that he should examine it himself. "Counting packages of documents as one 'letter,' the number of letters of all kinds," he says, "varied from two hundred to two hundred and fifty a day." These treated of all imaginable subjects. Some one tells a story of one of Mr. Lincoln's private secretaries who sat opening and throwing letters into the waste basket by dozens and scores. A gentleman who sat watching him grew very angry and asked him how he dared to destroy what the President himself should have an opportunity to read?

"Look at those letters yourself," answered the secretary.

And when the gentleman did so, his wrath turned against the writers. For the letters

were full of anger, insult, abuse and all evil and hateful words heaped upon the sad and burdened President.

Such fault-finding and abuse as this never reached Mr. Lincoln. But there was much advice, some mixed with much criticism and fault-finding which he did receive. Some of this he paid no attention to in words, although, no doubt, it hurt him. And other advice came to him in such ways that he must notice if he did not follow it. For Mr. Lincoln had a mind of his own and followed that; and it brought him out right, while other people's advice would very possibly have landed the country in destruction. It seems so strange to have persons who are not in a thing at all think they know so much more about it than those who are in the midst of affairs and have every means of knowing the truth, and of knowing the way out, when there is a way out of difficulties.

It happened that those who ought to have known Lincoln better sometimes tried to guide him as they should not have done. When he first became President, Mr. Seward who was his secretary of state and a great scholar, remembered that Mr. Lincoln had not been educated like himself and thought that the President would not know at all what to say or do in regard to managing the representatives of Eng-

land and France and other countries, nor know about many things requiring information and skill and ability such as a President ought to have. So, he offered to guide Mr. Lincoln and act for him in such affairs. He wrote something of this sort to him. Mr. Lincoln was very kind and noble; he never told about the letter, or referred to it again after he had answered Mr. Seward. But he said to him that such things were the President's business to attend to, and that he should do it. So Seward found out that Lincoln had a mind of his own and knew how to use it; and the two men became good and true friends so long as Mr. Lincoln lived—so good friends that when Mr. Lincoln was assassinated, the murderers tried to kill Mr. Seward also.

There was an editor in Washington who was always finding fault with the President and writing things against him. One day a friend said to Mr. Lincoln that if only he would invite that editor to call to see him and pay him a little attention, the man would probably be pleased about it, and turn around and say good things of him. But Abraham Lincoln answered with that honest pride which had won the hearts of the people and made them trust him. "I never have done an official act for my own personal political power," he said; "and I shall not do it now. I have not invited Horace Greeley and

other editors of much more importance and patriotism than this editor to call upon me, and I shall not ask this one." And he did not.

But there was one letter which Horace Greeley, then the editor of the *New York Tribune*, a leading Republican paper, wrote him a week after the battle of Bull Run which must have grieved the President much. "You are not considered a great man," wrote Mr. Greeley. And then he went on to say that if Mr. Lincoln was sure that we could never recover from the defeat at Bull Run, he ought not to carry on the war any longer, to have more men killed, but should call a peace conference at once, and arrange with the South; and he begged him not to think of himself; but to do what he thought right and that Greeley would help him.

But though some men thought with Greeley that all was lost because of one defeat, all were not so; the faith of the people swept back in a great tide of loyalty. Congress was true; men came into the army to more than fill the places of those lost; the Governors of the States offered troops and hurried them forward to Washington. In it all the President was calm in speech and manner, however his heart ached; and he began to show his great ability in administering affairs, which, it was said of him "enabled him to smooth mountains of obstacles

and bridge rivers of difficulty in his control of men.” On the night after the battle of Bull Run he began to plan out what next the army should do, and when people came to him with their advice and their plans, he was all ready to tell them a story and send them away, not letting them know at all what was in his own mind, for that would have spoiled all.

There was once a temperance committee which waited on the President and told him that the reason the army of the Potomac did not win victories was because the soldiers drank so much whisky that the Lord would not allow them to be successful. Now, nobody hated intoxicating drink of all kinds more than Mr. Lincoln. But he could not help saying to this committee which came to advise him, that it seemed strange if their belief was true, because the confederate army drank a great deal more whisky than the Northern did.

If he could call people’s attention to any fact he wanted them to notice, he never sought around for fine words; this is the reason his speeches and letters are so forceful and so admired. One day a man who knew him very well came to him and begged him not to use the word “sugar-coated” in some message he was sending. “If you think there’s any doubt about their knowing what ‘sugar-coated’

means," returned Mr. Lincoln, "I will change it." But as there could not be, he let it stand.

He was worn and tired with the great numbers of persons always coming to see him. Yet he was impatient of any measures taken to keep the people away from him; he wanted them to have the opportunity to come freely as he believed the people ought to be able to come to their President. So, he answered them as best he could, granted their requests when he believed it possible, and sent them away with stories when he could do no more for them.

XXXI.

GENERAL LEE COMES INTO MARYLAND.

One day when President Lincoln and some of his generals had arranged to meet General McClellan and he kept them waiting for him a long time and then never came at all, when the generals were angry for this insult to the President whom McClellan often treated rudely, Mr. Lincoln said to them: "Why, I would hold his horses for him if he would only give us victory!"

General McClellan had been put in command of the great army of the Potomac after General Scott resigned his position as commanding general in the October of 1861; but he was practically in command from almost directly after the battle of Bull Run on the July before, until the seventh of November, 1862, when he was finally relieved of his command. In that time there had been a brief interval when without being definitely superseded, the command of an

army called the army of Virginia instead of that of the Potomac had been given to other generals. This was because McClellan either could not or would not attack the confederates when he had a splendid army under his command and the whole country was waiting and wondering at his delay and asking why he did not do something, and the President was sending him word over and over and over that he must get after the enemy "by some route;" for McClellan always objected to whatever Mr. Lincoln suggested. He did drill the army into good order and discipline; but he never did anything with it like what it was reasonable to expect from a splendid army like the army of the Potomac. Mr. Lincoln said of him that he was "an admirable engineer," but he seemed "to have a special talent for a stationary engine." He was always so afraid of doing something "to bring on a general engagement,"—as if that was not what everybody else wanted!

How many times the President ordered him to start on his campaign could not be told. But as some one said: "McClellan's capacity for waiting a little longer was marvellous." At last, however, he did set forward for what the President and the country hoped was Richmond. But instead he went to Yorktown without decisive result.

There had been fighting, though, that season and terrible battles, "Seven Pines," "Fair Oaks," "Mechanicsville," "Malvern Hill," and smaller engagements. So many men had been wounded and killed, or died of illness, and nothing had been done for the government. Indeed, it was the greatest advantage to the confederates that McClellan did nothing for so long; it gave them a fine opportunity to get ready.

At last the President and the country had had enough of this thing. In spite of the battles, some won, some lost, the campaign of the Peninsula had been a great failure. McClellan was ordered to come back from Yorktown, and general command of the armies was given to General Halleck who had been doing good work out West; so that for a time General McClellan was under him. Then also Mr. Lincoln made an army of Virginia and put General Pope in command of this. So that in the summer of 1862 McClellan although he was not put out of his command had to stand aside for awhile and let somebody else try to work, and to help all he could.

But did he help? General Halleck kept sending for him to return; but he would not start until he got ready and that was too late to be of service. Some of his officers also cared more to injure other generals than to save their coun-

try. General Pope intercepted a letter from General Lee to another confederate general saying that he (Lee) intended to get between General Pope and Washington and destroy him in a great battle and then march into Maryland. Now was the time for McClellan to send Pope reinforcements from his army of the Potomac, so that Pope might win a great victory. Instead of this, one of McClellan's friends and generals heard the guns of Pope's army all the day of the battle and never sent him any help. Pope was brave and the soldiers fought splendidly. He had reason to expect that forty or fifty thousand men from the army of the Potomac would reach him in time for the battle, and he made his arrangements accordingly. About seven thousand came to him instead. The whole Virginia army of the confederates was upon him. It was no wonder that his plans went wrong and he was defeated at the battle of Manassas, commonly called the second Bull Run, and at Gaines' Mills, and had to retreat, and afterward to resign his command.

At that time there was nothing for Mr. Lincoln to do but give the command again to General McClellan, and let him have another chance, and a splendid chance, to make his name and fame by a great victory, so that the country would forget how slow he had been and would

only rejoice that, at last, he had, as we say, "got there." For this was the time that the Poet Whittier tells us of in his poem, "Barbara Frietchie":

"On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall,—

"Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot into Frederick town.

When

"Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead."

Here was Lee with his army in Maryland. He thought that he had come to stay, or to march still further into the Northern States. General Lee issued a proclamation to the people of Maryland that he had come to free them from their bondage to the Union. But all the men who had wanted to join the confederate army had gone over the Potomac long before, and only two or three hundred enlisted in Lee's army.

General McClellan followed up Lee, and although it was thought that with better management he might have fought the army while it was divided, and really "smashed" it, yet he actually did come to a battle at Antietam. It was a terrible battle, too, fought desperately on both sides. This battle followed the Union victory of South Mountain, where McClellan did

not pursue vigorously. Antietam was fought September seventeenth, 1862. It was not well managed; but it was splendidly fought on both sides, as has been said. Each side claimed the victory; to General Lee it was "a drawn battle" where it should have been an absolute defeat. But it was so "drawn" that he had to go back into Virginia again and give up his attempt upon the North for that time.

As General McClellan did not follow up General Lee, the President decided to appoint a new commander—Ambrose E. Burnside. General Burnside did not want to take command of the army; he was afraid he did not know enough of generalship. And although he was very loyal and brave, it seemed true. For in December came the terrible defeat of Fredericksburg. In this battle both sides had very many brave soldiers killed and wounded. And so the year 1862 came to an end sadly for the country.

XXXII.

CONGRESS AND SLAVERY.

In the winter of 1861-2, while the army of the Potomac was still under the command of General McClellan, some members of the famous Hutchinson family of singers who in those days were widely known in New England came to Washington, and asked the secretary of war to permit them to visit the camps across the Potomac and sing to the soldiers. Secretary Cameron was delighted, for their songs were simple and beautiful; he not only allowed them to go, but he commended them. So, McClellan gave his permission to have them sing. Delighted crowds of soldiers gathered about wherever the singers went; for the songs brought the best and dearest thoughts of their own homes back to them. But an officer passing near caught a word that sounded like "abolition." That would never do. There was a small tempest among those to whom this was reported until



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THE PRESIDENT VISITS CAMP.

news reached McClellan himself. For the Hutchinsons were singing that most stirring and beautiful hymn written by the Poet Whittier "In War Time," a translation of Luther's Hymn, meaning "A Mighty Fortress is our God." It was a song for men to hear when none knew how soon they might be called to give up their lives for their country.

"In vain the bells of war shall ring
Of triumphs and revenges,
While still is spared the evil thing
That severs and estranges.
But blest the ear
That yet shall hear
The jubilant bell
That rings the knell
Of Slavery forever!"

As soon as he heard of it, McClellan issued an order forbidding the Hutchinsons to sing to the troops and sending the singers back across the Potomac. For General McClellan had announced to the people of Virginia what amounted to a promise to send back to them any slaves who should escape into the Union lines. This treatment of the Hutchinson family shows how many of the commanders felt in regard to slavery. But they could not keep the soldiers from that strange song which came from no-

body knows where and was a favorite in the army for so long:

“John Brown’s body lies mouldering in the grave,
His soul is marching on!”

This was a hidden threat against slavery whether the soldiers understood it or not.

But all generals did not agree with McClellan. General Butler at first thought the same. But when he was in command at Fortress Monroe, three negro slaves came within the Union lines from the confederate army near by. They said they were the property of a confederate colonel who was going to send them to North Carolina to work on confederate fortifications there. The owner sent word to Butler to return them to him. But General Butler thought that if the negroes were going to be set to work on fortifications, it would be better to set them to work on his own. He could not see why we should send men, black or white, to help build confederate fortifications behind which the Union soldiers could be shot down. If the negroes were going to do any digging or work of any kind, they ought to do it for him. He did not discuss slavery at all; he took the colored men just as he would have taken horses or mules or powder and shot, or food, or fodder for cattle, or the cattle themselves, or anything, no matter what

it was, that could help the confederates and make them stronger. In all war this is fair and is always done, and it is called "contraband of war." So, General Butler informed the Colonel that he should not return the slaves; and he kept them to help build fortifications and do what else they could; and he called them and other slaves that came into our lines "contraband of war."

The term was caught up instantly all over the country; and the newspapers and the people laughed over the cleverness of this lawyer general and saw the point at once. Why should Union men dig in the ditches and send back the slaves to do the confederates' digging for them? Why should the government try to save the confederates at the cost of its own soldiers, since everything that helped these confederates hurt its own men?

And Congress took up the matter after a time.

But first it passed a bill declaring slavery abolished in the District of Columbia, and the President signed this April sixteenth, 1862. Mr. Lincoln as he signed it said: "Little did I dream in 1849 when I proposed to abolish slavery at this capital, and could scarcely get a hearing for the proposition, that it would be so soon accomplished."

On the nineteenth of June, 1862, Congress passed a bill forbidding slavery forever in all the Territories of the United States then existing, or that might hereafter be acquired.

March thirteenth, 1862, President Lincoln signed a bill passed by Congress forbidding officers and soldiers in the army and navy from returning fugitive slaves. And July sixteenth, 1862, Mr. Lincoln signed a law passed by Congress declaring that all slaves of persons in arms against the government or aiding the confederacy escaping from such persons and taking refuge within Union army lines, and all slaves captured from such persons or deserted by them, and coming under control of the government, or slaves found in a place where the confederate army had been and the Union army came, should be considered "captives of war, and shall be forever free of their servitude and not again held as slaves."

If good Union men in confederate States or in the border States remaining in the Union lost their slaves, the government was to pay them for these. But this law came later.

At the beginning of the war when General Frémont, given command in Missouri, had issued a proclamation freeing the blacks of the confederates whom he was fighting, Mr. Lincoln had forbidden it because the time had not then

come. But in 1862 when the slaves had been freed at Washington and the war was going on, with men always needed to fill up the army, the question of arming the blacks to fight for their own freedom and help the Union as soldiers, was discussed. The right to do this became a law, on the seventeenth of July, 1862.

But this was not all. The rest which was so much needed was coming, not too soon, but at the time when it must come, the time that Abraham Lincoln had been waiting for with his wise patience, when the people were ready, too, and waiting, and when emancipation—freedom for the colored race—would unite the North and not divide it. At last he spoke; and the world heard.

XXXIII.

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

While all this discussion about slavery was going on, and Congress was passing laws as to what should be done with the slaves, and Abraham Lincoln with all the powers of his great mind and all the earnestness of his great heart and all the prayers of his soul that trusted in God for guidance, was laboring over the question as to what he was to do for them—what were the slaves doing for themselves? How were they behaving? The South had always been in terror lest they should rise and murder their masters and seize upon freedom with hands red with the blood of the white men? It had watched all travelers, for fear that these should bring suggestions to the slaves; it had forbidden teaching of all kind for the colored people—all for fear of what might happen.

And when the war came, what did happen?

Did the negroes rise against their masters? Not at all. The worst thing they did was to run away from them; or, sometimes, it was the masters who ran away and left the colored people they had owned to do as they pleased. And many and many a time, instead of cruelty to their old masters when these grew poor and helpless in the war, the former slaves were full of loyalty and goodness to them.

But there was one thing the slaves all wanted—to be free. And not the wisest man in America knew so surely from the very beginning that the war was going to make them free as these ignorant black men and women knew it.

As soldiers in the Union army they fought well and bravely side by side with other soldiers who were trying to save the Union. But except as soldiers under discipline, they were peaceable; they waited for the liberty which was certainly coming to them. The spirit of faith and prayer in which they waited Whittier has told us in his “At Port Royal” where the negro boatmen, freed by the coming of the Union troops, row and sing:

“We pray de Lord; He gib us signs
 Dat some day we be free;
 De norf-wind tell it to de pines,
 De wild-duck to de sea.”

This was months before Abraham Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation. But from the first the faith of the colored people in "Massa Linkum" was perfect and unbounded. Others feared and hoped and watched; but these people KNEW. It seemed as if the God they loved *had* whispered in wind and wave and bird the prophecy of liberty to them.

We should remember, too, that if the government helped the slaves to freedom, they most surely helped it to victory. If slavery had continued, we should have had no united country today. For the cause of separation would have still separated North and South, unless we had been as Lincoln said years before the war, all slaveholding, North and South. But before the end of the war between one and two hundred thousand colored men were in our army.

And then the negroes not only fought in the Union army; they helped the government in a hundred other ways. They worked on its ramparts and in its ditches; they brought the generals to whom they came valuable information as to what the confederates were doing and where they might be found; and many an expedition owed its success to the guidance of some escaped slave who knew the country and the roads and piloted the soldiers to victory.

Abraham Lincoln never proved better the per-

fect uprightness of his character than when he hesitated in declaring the slaves of the confederates free and waited to do this until he was sure the time had fully come. All his life, as we know, he had hated slavery. No man in the world wanted more to have these people free than he did. But Lincoln never did a thing simply because he wanted it done, and even when he knew that on some accounts it ought to be done; he must be satisfied that he was fully right; then no power in the world could prevent his doing the thing. Others could tell what ought to be done, what they would do in his place. But they were not in his place. Even if the South did deny it for the time, Lincoln was President of the whole country, of the South as well as the North; that was what the armies and the war meant; his oath of office meant to him that he was friend and ruler of the South, not its enemy, and was bound to consider in all he did what was best for it as well as for the North. Then, there were the loyal border States which held slaves and were not ready to give them up, even for money; for Mr. Lincoln had tried these States.

Then, as it grew more and more plain that nothing could be done until slavery was out of the way, while people on both sides of the question talked him to death as to what he ought or

ought not to do, he made up his own mind and waited the right time.

The spring and summer of 1862 were hard for the Union cause; it had some victories bought with many lives of the soldiers; but the campaign before Richmond had been a failure; Lee was threatening to invade the North and things looked very dark. That summer Lincoln made a draft of his Emancipation Proclamation; and at the end of July, or the first of August, he called a full meeting of the Cabinet, and read it to them. Some liked, and some criticised. Then Mr. Seward said that he liked it, but thought it ought not to be issued just at that time because the government had been having so many defeats that the country would think it had come to the end of its resources; it would be better to wait until times had improved. It is probable that the President himself thought so, too; but he wanted to hear what his advisers would say. He said to some one afterward that he knew when Lee came over the Potomac that McClellan would drive him back sometime, and then the Emancipation Proclamation should be sent after him.

The Saturday after the battle of Antietam, when Lee, not beaten thoroughly as he ought to have been, but still driven back, had crossed the Potomac again, the President called another

Cabinet meeting; but this time it was not to give advice, but to hear his decision. For he said that the time for hesitation or delay had passed, that emancipation must now be the declared policy of the administration, and that public sentiment would sustain it. "That was not all," says Stoddard in telling the scene. "In a low voice and reverently, Mr. Lincoln added: 'And I have promised my God that I will do it.' Mr. Chase who sat nearest him, heard indistinctly, and asked: 'Did I understand you correctly, Mr. President?' Mr. Lincoln replied: 'I made a solemn vow before God, that, if General Lee should be driven back from Pennsylvania, I would crown the result by the declaration of freedom to the slaves.' "

The proclamation was issued Monday, September twenty-second, 1862. It announced that on January first, 1863, all persons held as slaves in any State or part of a State then in resistance against the United States should be thenceforward and forever free, and that the government would maintain their freedom.

There were the border States still loyal to the government, and there were places even in the States resisting the authority of the government where people were loyal. But it was plain that if the other slaves were free, the time would

soon come when these would be also, and Mr. Lincoln in his proclamation promised to recommend that all citizens who had remained loyal during the war should be paid for all losses of property they had suffered "by acts of the United States, including the loss of slaves."

Before the sun went down that twenty-second of September, the whole nation had heard of the proclamation. The greater part of the loyal people received it with thanks to Lincoln, and with thanksgiving to God. All over New England, and over New York, and Pennsylvania, and across the Western prairies to the little towns by the Rockies the people rang the joy bells. There were great public meetings, and resolutions of approval, and thanksgiving in the churches. In many places the soldiers cheered and fired salutes. McClellan said his army would not fight an abolition war; but when Mr. Lincoln paid a visit to this army, the soldiers welcomed him with delight.

XXXIV.

FOES BEFORE AND FOES BEHIND.

That first year in the White House Mr. Lincoln's two boys, Willie and "Tad," used to run in and out through the rooms and the offices bringing sunshine with them, going everywhere and doing everything, as boys have a way of doing. There is a story how one day all the bells in the White House rang the whole day long and nobody could make out what was the matter—until, at last, little Tad was discovered in the garret at work on the centre pin from which all the wires started. Willie's tricks were no less amusing. Often, one, or perhaps both boys would come and stand by their father's knee when he was talking to grave statesmen or self-important generals. And if they did receive a rebuke from the President, it was most mildly given and did not much resemble "army discipline"; for no man ever loved his children better than Mr. Lincoln did.

But these happy moments to the burdened President came suddenly to an end. For in the February of 1862, when all his strength was needed to try to start a vigorous campaign in Virginia, both boys were taken ill; and the elder of the two, Willie, a child full of promise, died. The broken-hearted father could spare but little time for mourning; even then his duties filled his days, and he well understood that noble saying that grief for those who have died should not interfere with our duties to the living. But his sorrow lived with him the rest of his days.

And so, saddened by his personal loss in the midst of the disasters and dangers of his country, he went forward to meet her foes who were marshalled before in battle array; but he often turned about, to drive back the foes and traitors behind him at the North who were striking at the nation's life. At the South in the bad days of the war, no man dared for his life to say a word in favor of the Union. But at the North men said what they pleased, until some interfered with the raising of men for the army and the carrying on of the war. Then how did Mr. Lincoln punish the worst of these Northern traitors? He sent him down South among the secessionists and ordered him to stay there until the war was over!

All the North laughed. But the traitors trem-

bled. To be sent as prisoners to a Northern fortress might make them pitied; and they could perhaps get away. But times were hard at the South; people there had not too much to eat, even then. Besides, there men thought a great deal of going with one's State and might despise them. They felt like the Southern wife of a naval officer who had been true to his flag; after he died in the service of his country, she lived among his relatives and railed against the North. But when they asked her why she did not go South among her own relations, she said she was much safer and more comfortable at the North. So, after Mr. Lincoln had sent the Copperhead, Vallandigham, down South, the other Copperheads kept more quiet.

But so many of the best patriots were in the army, away from their States, that the fall elections went badly; and this might mean shortness of men and money for the war. The President must keep the North united. He must make Europe perceive that the government would be successful in this war. He must make the emancipation policy a fact. And to do these things he needed victories. No wonder that he turned his sad eyes to the army where General Ambrose E. Burnside, brave and loyal, but not a great commander, was leading the army of the Potomac. But in Burnside as a leader there was

bitter disappointment. For, so far from bringing victory, it was under him that was fought and lost the battle of Fredericksburg in the December of 1862, a battle which, as has already been said, cost thousands of brave men. That defeat made the confederates jubilant, discouraged the loyal people, but did not break their spirit, and gave fresh opportunity to those at the North who opposed the war.

The year 1862 ended in the gloom of this defeat. It was understood also that the next year, 1863, the confederates would put forth their utmost military strength. There must be new strength in the armies to conquer this. But of all the war measures during Lincoln's administration none was so unpopular as the "Draft Act" which he requested of Congress. This would enroll the militia of all the States and make them subject to the call of the President at need. Instead of taking only those who were willing, as the volunteers had been, it would take also the cowards and those who did not care for their country. But men must be had; for terrible battles were coming, as Lincoln knew.

Early in April came the victories of Shiloh and Corinth, which will be more fully spoken of later. Mr. Lincoln in a proclamation asked the people to "render thanks to our Heavenly Father for these inestimable blessings."

In the May of 1863, however, the army of the Potomac under General Hooker, who had taken General Burnside's place, was terribly defeated by General Lee at Chancellorsville in Virginia. The fighting was long and obstinate and the losses on both sides very great. The people did not know then, as Mr. Lincoln did, that the battle had cost the South very much, so that a few such battles would have left the confederates but a small army. Lincoln kept urging that another battle should be fought immediately, before Lee could rest from this one. But he could not get it done. The right man had not come to Virginia yet.

There was more and more hatred of the draft; and, a little later, a great riot in New York City, on account of it. At no time in the whole war had things looked darker for the Union than after Chancellorsville.

But the Emancipation Proclamation of January first, 1863, had been made. Slavery was gone, although there were still acts to be passed to wipe it from our records. And the South was in trouble also; it realized its failing strength, and resolved that something desperate must be done.

General Lee did it. For the South had heard all the Copperhead talk at the North and believed that it meant a great party to rise to its

support if the Southern army were present to support it. The fact was that the Copperheads were no fighters; they took it out in talk; they would never help anybody. But the confederates counted on them and on New York City. And so, General Lee with the best army that the South had, crossed the Potomac and marched into Pennsylvania.

Then the whole North awoke and shook itself in its wrath. The draft was almost popular. The weary eyes of the President lightened as the military movements on the Mississippi brightened the dark sky with hope. And his waiting ears caught the sound, all over the North, of men marching to swell the army of the Union and singing as they marched:

“We’re coming, Father Abraham, three hundred
thousand more,
From Mississippi’s winding stream, and from New
England’s shore!”

XXXV.

GENERAL GRANT AT VICKSBURG.

In the May of 1861, at about the same time that McClellan was created a general of the army of the Potomac, there was a little man whose home was at Galena, Illinois, but who had been serving on the staff of the Governor of Illinois, helping to organize the State militia. He had been educated at the military school at West Point, as had McClellan, and also he had been in the Mexican war, as McClellan had been. At first offers of a position in the army had been declined by this little man from Galena. But when the President called for one hundred and fifty thousand soldiers, this modest man from Lincoln's own State wrote to the war department at Washington that he had served fifteen years in the regular army, four of these at West Point, and he offered his services to the government to the close of the war in any capacity that might be offered him; and he added

that he felt himself competent to command a regiment "if the President in his judgment should see fit to intrust me with one." He added that he was still serving on the Governor's staff, and that a letter addressed to him at Springfield would reach him.

This modest little man who held himself capable of commanding a regiment was Ulysses S. Grant, a general who blazed a track to victory through the woods of difficulty, destined to be Lincoln's final choice to command the armies of the Union, the coming man whom the country and all the world would honor.

He got his appointment. He telegraphed back: "I accept the regiment and will start immediately." The regiment given to him was a set of insubordinate men whom nobody else could do anything with and whom most of the officers were afraid of. As soon as he arrived, "travel-stained, ununiformed, with a large bandana tied outside the waist of his sack-coat for a sash," say Nicolay and Hay, "and a stick for a sword, Colonel Grant undertook to get his regiment into line—a vain task. The new commander persevered in his efforts quietly, without bluster, without oaths, without for a moment losing his patience or his temper, but holding on to his work with that desperate and characteristic pertinacity which made him famous."

Still, this first attempt failed, and the Governor went home thinking he had made a mistake in Grant. Soon after Frémont, who was then commander, ordered the regiment to Quincy. The railroad agent went to Grant to find what transportation he wanted. Grant said that a part of the way he should have to march, as there was no railroad and they could not wait to have one built; and as the regiment was in bad discipline, he would march all the way; his orders gave him time enough. So he started with his wagons.

The first evening he issued an order that the next morning the regiment would march at six o'clock. But at six o'clock many of the men were still asleep and the regiment did not get off until seven. The next evening he gave the order that the following morning the regiment would march at six, ready or not ready. At six exactly the column was formed and the march began; a good many of the laggards had not even their shoes on and had to march without them and could not even carry them. After two or three miles' march the column halted, and the shoes were sent for. The next morning "the tap of the six o'clock drum found every man ready to fall in." This is one of the stories told of Grant. At least, we know that one wonderful

thing about him was that he was always on time; and his men had to be.

It was Mr. Lincoln's belief that the Southern confederacy could not be captured at once, "all in a lump," as one might say; but must be taken possession of "a slice at a time." By wonderful tact and ability and knowledge of conditions, Lincoln had kept the States of Missouri, Kentucky, and Maryland in the Union when at the beginning of the war they were all perched on a fence so narrow that even a jolt would have sent them to the Southern confederacy. Before the war was over he could say that many soldiers were in the Union army from each of these States which had at first refused any.

And the President was continually watching the West to find what was going on there. He found some things he liked well. So did the country. Halleck, Grant, Thomas, on land, and Foote and Farragut in the navy were making it lively for the confederates and taking possession of Missouri, Kentucky, Arkansas and Tennessee in a series of victories which there is not space to give in detail. For by the November after his appointment as colonel, Grant had risen to be a general.

The confederates had fortified and garrisoned Fort Donelson on the Cumberland and Fort Henry on the Tennessee Rivers running through

Kentucky and Tennessee from the South into the Ohio River, because they wanted to keep out the Union gunboats. But General Grant and Flag-officer Foote were not of that mind; they planned an attack of Fort Henry. February sixth, 1862, Foote captured the fort without waiting for Grant to come up. Then Grant and Foote went to Fort Donelson, and besieged it, February sixteenth. After several days' hard fighting, the confederate General Buckner sent a flag of truce to General Grant and asked him to stop the firing for a time until they could settle terms of surrender. Grant did not stop a cannon, but answered him: "No terms except unconditional surrender can be accepted. I propose to move on your works immediately." But Buckner did not give him a chance; he surrendered at once. Arms, stores and more than twelve thousand prisoners were captured. This was why Grant came to be called: "Unconditional Surrender Grant." How the North liked the name!

That same month the Union troops marched into Nashville, and the Unionists in East Tennessee rejoiced to see the dear old flag. Early in March the battle of Pea Ridge was fought—a three days' battle—and then General Halleck telegraphed: "The Union flag is floating in Arkansas." The confederates saw that at that rate

the whole valley of the Mississippi River would soon be lost to them. So General Lee calculated that all would stay "quiet on the Potomac," as it so long had done, and sent some of his best forces West to defeat Generals Grant and Buell.

But at the battles of Shiloh—or Pittsburgh Landing, as it is sometimes called—and Corinth, things did not come out as the confederates had planned. General Johnston, one of the best confederate generals, attacked in haste and fury, planning to whip Grant before General Buell could come up with him. Grant met him with unflinching determination. All day long the battle lasted; the Union troops were gradually driven back, with the river behind them, and the day closed in with the advantage all on the confederate side. General Beauregard announced a complete victory for the confederates. But he spoke a little too soon. For that night Buell came up with his fine army and joined Grant. Some men would have thought he came too late to be of use. But Grant did not look at it so. The next day he started in again, fought the battle all over, drove the confederates from the field and pursued them toward their entrenchments at Corinth. Soon came the battle of Corinth where they were again defeated, and driven from their entrenchments, and the Union forces won an important victory. These were among

the most bloody battles of the war. But the sun went down on flying confederates who had found out what kind of men the soldiers of the West were, and who never forgot it. The confederate army, too, fought splendidly.

After New Orleans and some other points upon the river had been captured, Vicksburg, in Mississippi and not far from Jackson, the capital, stood in a strong position and bristling with fortifications which the confederates were always strengthening still more. Its formidable guns swept across the Mississippi River and up and down it for miles and blockaded for the government the passage of this great waterway through our country. Attempts had been made to capture Vicksburg in 1862; but they had not been successful, for the place was too strong to be taken by storm. But so long as Vicksburg was in the hands of the South, the river was cut in two for the government, and the States it had conquered were subject to raids if not recapture by the confederate forces. It was absolutely necessary that the government should have Vicksburg, for that fortress in the West was almost as important to it as Richmond in the East.

General Grant was set to capture Vicksburg.

It is impossible to begin to tell all the hard work that he and the brave generals and the

brave soldiers did, and all the toil and weariness and suffering they endured; how Grant tried to approach the fortress from different points; how he had to give up now one thing and now another and change his plans to suit the needs of his undertaking; and how more than once some colored man faithful to the Union troops would tell him of a road that he had not known about. The soldiers forced little gunboats up and down narrow rivers where great boughs of trees hung so low that they swept the decks; they encircled the city by land and blockaded it by water so that provisions should not go to the garrison; they made magnificent charges in trying to storm the place; they then began to mine, when General Grant found that the place was too strong to storm. The men in their mining were sheltered in the woods where they found shade and fine springs of water and were better off than when camping in the dusty city. So, day after day, the mining and fighting went on and the troops were digging their way into Vicksburg. As the confederate general watched them he had also to meet another foe—hunger. His army was short of provisions; and Grant had surrounded him so thoroughly that there was no chance of relief. Therefore, at last he hung out a white flag and sent to Grant for terms of

surrender. Grant told him it must be "unconditional surrender."

In his report, Grant says that the confederates had been defeated in five battles outside of Vicksburg; and that over thirty thousand prisoners and arms and munitions for sixty thousand men had been captured, also much public property, railroads, cars, steamboats, etc., and that much had been destroyed to prevent the Union forces from capturing it. Altogether, the capture of Vicksburg was the most brilliant and successful campaign of the war.

Vicksburg was captured on the Fourth of July, 1863.

But that day the nation did not know it. Lee had come into Pennsylvania; and that very Fourth of July something else was taking place that filled all thoughts and all hearts.

XXXVI.

WAR ON THE OCEAN.

In a letter of Mr. Lincoln's for publication written in the August of 1863, summing up the results of the war and showing the people where the government then stood, he wrote, referring to the work of the navy: "Nor must Uncle Sam's web feet be forgotten. At all the watery margins they have been present, not only on the deep sea, the broad bay and the rapid river, but also up the narrow and muddy bayou, and wherever the ground was a little damp, they have been and made their tracks." When Mr. Stoddard to whom the President read the letter before sending it, objected to this paragraph, Mr. Lincoln laughed and said he thought Stoddard would point at that. "'I won't strike it out, though,' he added. 'The plain people will like it. It's just what I mean to say.'"

And it was true. The navy had been skirting around the Southern shores, running up by

river and creek and bay into the land and in union with the army taking possession wherever this was possible. Early in 1862 General Burnside, with Commodore Goldsborough, had captured Roanoke Island in North Carolina, and shortly afterward, in concert with another naval officer, the city of Newburn, the most important seaport of North Carolina. Fort Hatteras and Port Royal in North and South Carolina had been seized by our troops in 1861, and were held. And in 1862, Fort Pulaski in Georgia was captured. And so, by these places, all through the war the stars and stripes floated over three States fighting against them, South Carolina the most violent of all in the confederacy.

But New Orleans must be captured. In the autumn of 1861 an expedition under command of Captain David G. Farragut, one of the most skilful and daring naval officers in the world, and of General Butler, who commanded the land forces, was organized to capture it. The following March Butler landed his troops on Ship Island, which is in the Gulf of Mexico between Mobile and New Orleans. This was as far as he could go until Farragut should come with his gunboats and open the way up the river. April seventeenth Farragut began to bombard the forts that guarded the approach to New Orleans by the river. He kept on bombarding for sev-

eral days; but the forts would not surrender and he could not destroy them. So, he said that he would run past their guns. It was a wonderful undertaking; for the forts stood on opposite sides of the river and mounted more than one hundred heavy cannon, which swept everything that tried to pass them. And besides this, the river itself was blocked by sunken hulks, by piles and everything else which could be put into it to stop the passage of ships. And this was not all, although it seemed enough; the confederates had thirteen gunboats, an ironclad, and the ram Manassas.

The people of New Orleans boasted that all they were afraid of was that "the Northern invaders" would not come. They need not have been anxious as to Farragut's not coming! "On the night of April twenty-fourth," says Arnold, "amidst a storm of shot and shell, the darkness illuminated by the mingled fires of ships, forts and burning vessels, he passed Forts Jackson and St. Philip; he crushed through all obstructions; he destroyed the gunboats which opposed him; he steamed past the batteries; he ascended the great river and laid his broadsides to the proud city of the Southwest." Then New Orleans hauled down the confederate flag, and never had a chance to put it up again.

But not only on the bays and rivers, but on

the ocean also were there battles fought between the North and the South. There is time only to refer to some of them.

At the beginning of the war when the naval station at Norfolk was given up to the confederacy by traitors in the navy, there were ships left in the hands of the confederates, and among them the famous "Merrimac." The confederates sheathed her sides with iron, named her the "Virginia," and in the March of 1862, she steamed down the James River, and destroyed the government vessels, the "Cumberland" and the "Congress." The "Cumberland" fought to the last and went down with flags flying. The "Minnesota," when she was coming to the aid of the "Cumberland," ran aground and was at the mercy of the terrible "Merrimac." There was terror in the North; for Washington itself seemed to be in the power of this frightful "Merrimac."

But just when we feared the most, there came floating through the water the strangest looking thing that ever called itself a vessel. This was the ironclad "Monitor," built by the famous Ericsson. It attacked the big "Merrimac" with great boldness, and fired into it again and again and again, doing much damage at every shot. But it made no difference how many broadsides the "Merrimac" fired back; they couldn't hit the

little "Monitor," for there was nothing of it to hit; it was about all under water, like a turtle. So, the North was no longer afraid of the great "Merrimac," for the little "Monitor" riddled it with shot, until it was glad enough to run to shelter. With all honor to the genius of its builder and the skill and daring of its commander, it is said that the chief credit for having the "Monitor" built and on hand at such a crisis, is due to President Lincoln.

Every one has heard of the battle between the "Kearsarge" and the "Alabama," a cruiser built in England and sailing under the confederate flag, capturing merchant vessels and with others like it doing all it could to ruin commerce. The "Alabama" was one of the worst of these cruisers. In the June of 1864, after it had been doing much damage on the seas, it put in at Cherbourg, France. Captain Winslow of the United States navy, in command of the "Kearsarge," heard of it, and started for Cherbourg, and waited for the "Alabama." The "Alabama" made ready for the fight as carefully as possible and then came out to meet the "Kearsarge." There was a tremendous battle between the two ships for about an hour, and then the "Alabama" put out the white flag of surrender, and soon sank. The "Kearsarge" helped to save some of the crew. Admiral Far-

ragut said of this battle: "It was fought in full view of thousands of French and English, with full confidence on the part of all but the Union people that we would be whipped. I would sooner have fought that fight than any ever fought on the ocean."

There is not space to tell how Admiral Farragut captured the forts and city of Mobile when everybody said it could not be done. Nor to speak of other brave and spirited deeds of the United States navy.

XXXVII.

ON THE FIELD OF GETTYSBURG.

General Lee with a splendid army was now in Pennsylvania; part of his troops had come to Carlisle, about an hour by train from Harrisburg, the capital of the State. Even in Philadelphia, people had begun to throw up entrenchments. Where would Lee stop? Who would stop him? This work was for the army of the Potomac, and at that time General Hooker was its commander. To say that Lincoln was anxious is putting it lightly; his whole soul was filled with the importance and the urgency of the coming battle. It must be a fierce one; for the world has seldom seen as good, and never better armies than the two which were then to meet, General Lee's confederate forces and the Union army of the Potomac, both armies seasoned by many battles, each well aware of the fighting qualities of the other and ready to meet these with equal valor.

But General Hooker just at that time was offended by some orders which he received from General Halleck, or from the President, and he resigned. He was arranging matters finely and it was dangerous at that time to put a new commander at the head of the army, but it had to be done. Mr. Lincoln said: "A general who resigns his commission on the eve of battle should always have his resignation accepted, let the consequences be what they may." So General Meade was put in command. General Hooker was noble and patriotic enough to ask to be allowed to serve under him. But Meade did not wish it. But the President later gave Hooker an opportunity to show his valor at the West. This Hooker did.

It was not at first the purpose of either commander to fight the battle at Gettysburg; indeed, Meade chose another spot. But the attack came on at Gettysburg, and there the fight had to be finished. The situation was fine for our army, which was excellently posted in a sort of semi-circle on high ground so that the centre and the wings of the army supported each other.

On the first of July, 1863, came the first attack of the confederates. That afternoon they had the best of it. But the next day began a fiercer battle with more troops on each side. Some of

Meade's generals tried to induce him to attack Lee's centre and try to smash through it and divide the confederate army; but Meade wisely chose to keep his strong position and let Lee attack him. Longstreet, the ablest confederate general, begged Lee not to attack as he had ordered. But Lee would do it. He had been successful the day before, and he could not resist trying to defeat Meade; for he saw what victory would mean to the South. So, the afternoon of July second the battle was on again. How terrible and fierce it was! The soldiers on both sides, as well as the officers, knew that they were fighting for the life of their cause. For Gettysburg was one of the great battles of the world, not merely because it was one of the most obstinately contested ever fought, and with greater loss of life in proportion to the numbers engaged than in almost any other, nor even because never was greater bravery shown on both sides. But it was a battle for the liberties of a great people, a battle to test whether our government was to stand.

When the sun went down on July second the battle was not yet over. At dawn the morning of the third the two armies went at it again. The confederates were attacked and General Ewell, who commanded the forces which Stonewall Jackson led when he was living, was driven

back. Then there was a little lull on the battle-field.

But Lee had determined to take Cemetery Hill, which was the key of the Union position. So, at one o'clock in the afternoon there suddenly burst out of the stillness the thunder of one hundred and thirty cannon. Never had the soldiers or officers on either side heard or imagined anything so terrific; and when the Union artillery answered back, the uproar was still more terrible. This cannonade lasted about an hour. Then because General Howard ceased firing, to cool off the guns and save the ammunition for the coming infantry attack, General Lee thought his artillery was silenced, and he ordered the attack. The confederates came on, as steady as troops on parade. But when they were half way across the valley toward the lines, the artillery Lee had thought he had silenced burst upon them. Growing fewer in number at every step the column still moved on, and the battle joined. So fierce and terrible was it that for a few minutes the soldiers on both sides could not even hear their officers, and fought man to man. Then the confederates gave way; the Union soldiers sprang forward; the shortest and, considering its shortness, the most bloody of the three days' battle was over. Lee had tried at Gettysburg somewhat the same

thing that Burnside had at Fredericksburg; and he had lost.

But Meade did not at first realize how matters stood, nor how thoroughly he had beaten Lee. The next day the armies were drawn up in battle. Lee had expected his army to be cut to pieces after its repulse on the day before; and if Grant or Sheridan had been in Meade's place, the critics say, he would have had only the remnants of an army to carry across the Potomac. The greater part of that following day the country waited to know how the battle had gone.

What a Fourth of July it was! Those who remember and speak of it say that it can never be forgotten. North and South, men and women waited, breathless for news. They thought of the soldiers wounded and dying, of the dead on the field, and at the North, as they looked up at the dear old flag which floated in every town in memory of the day when the United States had first become a nation, they wondered if the sacrifice of so many precious lives had been accepted, and if we had yet a country. The joy-bells of the Fourth that rang half fearfully in the morning were silent in many towns at the hour of noon when still the country waited.

Then came the news! The President announced to the country that up to ten o'clock on the third, the news from the army of the Poto-

mac was "such as to cover the army with the highest honor—to promise great success to the cause of the Union—and to claim the condolence of all for the many gallant fallen"; and for this he added, "he especially desired that on this day, 'He whose will, not ours, should ever be done be everywhere remembered and revered with the profoundest gratitude.' "

On the evening of that July Fourth Mr. Lincoln was serenaded. In answer he spoke of what that day means to the nation, how many remarkable national events had happened on the Fourth of July, and how these battles in Pennsylvania fought on the first, second, and third of that month were victories over the cohorts of those who opposed the Declaration of Independence.

July fifteenth the President issued a proclamation appointing the fourth of August as a day "for thanksgiving, praise and prayer, and to render homage to the Divine Majesty for the wonderful things He had done for the nation, and to pray for the Holy Spirit to bring it the blessings of union and peace."

Mr. Lincoln was deeply thankful for the Union victories East and West. But he was terribly disappointed that Meade allowed Lee to get safely back across the Potomac into Virginia. "We had them in our grasp," Nicolay and Hay

tell of his saying; "we had only to stretch out our hands and they were ours, and nothing I could say or do could make the army move." He was angry at Meade's speaking of "driving the invader from our soil," and said it was like McClellan who claimed a great victory because "Pennsylvania and Maryland were safe." "Will our generals never get that idea out of their heads?" he cried. "The whole country is our soil." He said: "Our army held the war in the hollow of their hand and they would not close it." But he added that he was "very grateful to Meade for the service he did at Gettysburg."

It was no wonder that Lincoln was distressed that Lee's army had not been destroyed and the war ended at once. It was the President's habit when his duties allowed him the time to go to visit the sick and wounded soldiers; he often went at night to the hospitals at Washington and the field hospitals around it. Here the line of ambulances moving from the steamers to the hospitals was often one and two miles long. Arnold speaks of one day meeting the President driving slowly toward the Soldiers' Home. He had just parted from one of those lines of ambulances. "Look yonder at those poor fellows," he said. "I cannot bear it. This suffering, this loss of life is dreadful." It was no wonder he

was distressed, as it has been said, that Meade had not crushed Lee's army and ended the war then and there.

The idea of a military cemetery at Gettysburg was soon made national. The State of Pennsylvania bought a piece of land on this illustrious battlefield, and gave it to the United States as a cemetery in which to bury its heroes slain there. November nineteenth of this year 1863, this ground was consecrated with solemn and touching ceremonies. There were present Seward, Stanton, Welles and Chase of the Cabinet; war governors, Andrew of Massachusetts, Seymour of New York, Morgan of Indiana, Johnson of Tennessee; Everett, Sumner, Fessenden, Wilson, Greeley, Frederick Douglas, and Grant, Meade, McClellan, Howard and Butler, representing strong yet different elements of the forces that had struggled to maintain the Union. Edward Everett of Massachusetts, a distinguished scholar and orator, had been chosen to give the oration.

But above all these, the central figure, as he always was wherever he was seen, was the President, Abraham Lincoln. On the way to Gettysburg he had been told that he would be expected to say something. He had borrowed a pencil and written down on rough paper those few words that he read at Gettysburg, words

that have gone around the globe, and that have rightly been held for brevity, simplicity, force and beauty one of the great orations of the world. He had written it hastily, to be sure; but it was great because he had first lived it, and because in living and writing it he had forgotten himself entirely and thought only of the soldiers and the country. He rose slowly, his face alight with deep feeling, and read what he had written. It was this:

“Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

“Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

“But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say

here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.”

As Mr. Lincoln finished speaking, and the tears and sobs and cheers which had met him subsided, he turned to Edward Everett and congratulated him on his success.

Arnold tells us that Everett answered: “Ah, Mr. President, how gladly would I exchange all my hundred pages to have been the author of your twenty lines.”

XXXVIII.

HOW MR. LINCOLN TRIED FOR PEACE.

It has been said, and truly, that there was no time from the beginning to the end of the civil war when we could have had peace without acknowledging the Confederate States as a separate government; that would have meant disunion.

There were many people at the North and some at the South who talked of peace; but they did not mean peace of the right kind. No one in the whole country longed for peace more earnestly than Mr. Lincoln did. When there was a prospect of another great battle with its dreadful list of killed and wounded, his kind, loving heart was wrung at the thought. But he knew that we must conquer a peace; the South would have no other kind, except without the Union.

June, 1863, leaders of the peace party met at Springfield, Illinois, and held a mass meeting. They wanted to carry the Northwest and make a

peace that should submit to whatever the South desired. After this the Republicans resolved to hold a great meeting at the same place the third of September, 1863; and they asked the President to be present. How much Mr. Lincoln would have liked to meet his old neighbors and friends, whom he was never to see again together, as he would have done there. But he could not leave his work at Washington. So, he wrote a letter to be read at the Convention. One of his biographers declares: "In this letter which the chairman took only ten minutes to read, Lincoln said more than all the orators at all the stands." Among many other things, all of which the readers of this record of Lincoln should some day read, he said:

"The signs look better. The Father of Waters again goes unvexed to the sea." (For a few days after the fall of Vicksburg, General Grant had captured Port Hudson, which opened the Mississippi River entirely.) * * * "Peace does not appear so distant as it did," wrote Mr. Lincoln after speaking of the Union victories. "I hope it will come soon and come to stay; and so come as to be worth the keeping in all future time. * * * Still, let us not be over-sanguine of a speedy, final triumph. Let us be quite sober" (reasonable). "Let us diligently apply the means, never doubting that a just God, in

His own good time, will give us the rightful result.”

The only peace that Lincoln really believed would come was when the war was fought out and the confederacy conquered. He thought this because he believed that the confederates would not come back so long as they had an army to fight with. And this proved true.

But when people talked to him about listening to suggestions of peace, he was always most ready, provided this did not mean that the South was a separate and independent power. Mr. Greeley again wrote him one of his letters telling him he (Mr. Lincoln) did not know how much the people wanted peace, and that there were men in Canada with authority to propose peace to him. Mr. Lincoln said he should be glad to talk with them, provided everything was all right to do so. But it turned out very far from right. Mr. Greeley always meant well; but, like other people, he made mistakes. Other attempts at peace conferences also amounted to nothing.

But Mr. Gilmore (Edmund Kirke), in his book upon Lincoln, tells how the President once seized upon an opportunity to allow him to go in company with another gentleman and interview Mr. Jefferson Davis as to any possibility of peace he would accept, or suggest. Mr. Lincoln would

not send Mr. Gilmore, but was ready to learn if there was any chance to save further bloodshed.

Mr. Gilmore had a long interview with Mr. Davis, and the most positive assurances from him that nothing short of the independence of the Southern confederacy was to be thought of.

So, he came home with his companion—although the two came near being imprisoned in Richmond and kept there. When they reached the North, Mr. Gilmore wrote out what Mr. Davis had said, proving that if we would have the Union, we must fight the war out.

The article was published in the "Atlantic Monthly," and republished by almost all the leading newspapers in the North, and copied entire by several English papers. "It was read," says Mr. Gilmore, "by not less than one-half of the four million men who voted in the Presidential election of 1864;" and he adds that Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote him that it, certainly, had a larger number of readers than any other magazine article ever written.

So, the interview of Jefferson Davis with Mr. Gilmore, who was then one of the editors of Mr. Greeley's "New York Tribune," helped, after all, to bring about the peace that Lincoln believed in—a peace bought on the battle-field; but a peace that would come to stay and would be worth the keeping.

XXXIX.

HOW THE PEOPLE LEARNED TO TRUST HIM.

Mr. Lincoln's letter to the meeting of the Republicans in Springfield, Illinois, was so full of logic and keen and clear reasoning and wit and so strong in the sense of his own responsibility, that it was a great success. Charles Sumner, who at first had not approved of the President but afterward came to like him much, wrote to him: "Thanks for your true and noble letter. It is a historical document. The case is admirably stated, so that all but the wicked must confess its force. It cannot be answered." For in this letter Mr. Lincoln had spoken of peace measures and of emancipation, questions of which the country was full then. Henry Wilson, the other Senator from Massachusetts with Sumner wrote Lincoln: "God Almighty bless you for your noble, patriotic and Christian letter. It will be on the lips and in the hearts of hundreds of thousands this day." And one of the

messages about his letter that the President most appreciated came from Josiah Quincy, then ninety-one years old. Mr. Quincy wrote: "I cannot refrain from expressing to you my gratification and my gratitude for your letter to the Illinois Convention—happy, timely, conclusive, and effective. What you say concerning emancipation, your proclamation, and your course of proceeding in relation to it was due to truth, and to your own character shamefully assailed as it has been. The development is an imperishable monument of wisdom and virtue." He went on to say that compromise was impossible, that only the war could bring us peace and Union.

It is good to know that many such letters as these were written to Mr. Lincoln at that time; for no man in a public office had ever been so cruelly misunderstood and spoken against. But at last the skies were brightening and people were coming to perceive what a wonderful man he was and what a great leader. But the thing which Lincoln cared for most of all—more than anything that could come to himself—was the success of the war for the Union, and the assurance of emancipation of the slaves. And what Lincoln says in this letter about the aid of the slaves in the war we ought to remember when we are proud of our great united country. After

showing that we were not fighting "to free negroes," but using the help of the negroes, he says: "I thought that whatever negroes can be got to do as soldiers leaves just so much less for white soldiers to do in saving the Union. Does it appear otherwise to you? But negroes, like other people, act upon motives. Why should they do anything for us if we will do nothing for them? If they stake their lives for us, they must be prompted by the strongest motive, even the promise of freedom. And the promise, being made, must be kept."

We have the problem of the colored people with us today; and when we think of it, we should remember that between one and two hundred thousand colored troops fought to help us save the Union, and have a right to feel this their country as well as ours, and to be treated as other men are treated.

In this September of 1863, the Springfield Convention passed a resolution: "That we will lay aside all party questions and forget all party prejudices and devote ourselves unreservedly to the support of our Government, until the rebellion shall be finally and forever crushed; that whatever else may perish, the Government shall survive in all its constitutional integrity; whatever else may be destroyed, the nation shall be preserved in its territorial unity; and to this

end we pledge anew our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.”

As a result of the victories and Lincoln's letter and the Springfield Convention, every State that held elections that fall of 1863, except New Jersey, gave great majorities for the administration. The great riots against the draft in New York City in the July of that year helped the government in the end; the rioters were so horribly cruel that they turned thousands against their party.

Grant and Sherman and Thomas and other generals in the West gave new courage to the deep loyalty of the North; and the better the people came to understand Mr. Lincoln, the more they trusted and the better they loved him. The men whom all the country most honored came out strongly in favor of the war as our only road to peace. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote:

“Listen, young heroes. Your country is calling,
Time strikes the hour for the brave and the true;
Now, while the foremost are fighting and falling,
Fill up the ranks that have opened for you.
You whom the fathers made free and defended,
Stain not the scroll that emblazons their fame;
You whose fair heritage spotless descended,
Leave not your children a birthright of shame!”

Dr. Holmes could call upon the young men to go to the war; for his own son was there; and with him thousands upon thousands of the true and brave; for the flower of the land went forth at the call of the President and filled up the ranks from which other soldiers not less noble had fallen in battle. There was not a home where one of the household, or some friend of the family was not in the army, or had not fallen in battle among the heroes. And many parents mourning for their sons, recalled how the sad-eyed President had lost his own little son and could understand how they suffered. Also, his oldest son was in the army sharing the same risks that their sons did.

In the June of 1864, when much hard work had been done since the Springfield Convention, and many hard-fought battles had been won—and some lost—the Republicans a second time nominated Abraham Lincoln for President. His opponent, the candidate of the peace party who said that the war was wrong and that everything about it had gone wrong, was General McClellan, who put himself side by side with men who hated and railed against the Union.

In the July of 1864, the President called for five hundred thousand more men, to be had by draft if enough did not volunteer. His friends told him he would lose his election by doing

such a thing; and even his enemies could not say that this was trying for his own election. But Mr. Lincoln had something more important than his election to look out for, although he certainly wanted to be allowed to finish the work so faithfully and successfully carried on thus far. But what was much more important was not to lose the Union battles for lack of soldiers; the more quickly he could finish the war, the kinder for North and South alike.

And Lincoln was right to trust in God to bring things out in the best way whatever that was; and to trust the great heart of the people to be true to him who was so true to them. For in November, when the people by their votes declared whom they chose for President, Lincoln had the largest majority that had ever been known, he was elected almost by acclamation. McClellan carried the electoral vote of New Jersey, Delaware and Kentucky—three States. All the rest were Lincoln's.

“It was the carefully formed and solemnly announced judgment of the nation,” says Stoddard.

How grateful the country must always be to remember that in the few months of life still remaining to Abraham Lincoln, he was not only to have his hands strengthened for the great work, but to have such assurance how deep was

the nation's trust in him and love for him as their leader.

And Lincoln thanked God and took courage, as it was his way to do.

XL.

HOW GRANT FOUGHT IT OUT ON THAT LINE.

In the March of 1864, eight months before the re-election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency, early one morning when the trains arriving in Washington from the West brought guests to the hotels, there came into Willard's with the others two passengers who took matters more quietly than the rest of the rushing crowd. One of the two was a middle-aged, sunburned man with an army hat and a linen duster, below which a glimpse of the narrow stripe of the army uniform could be seen. The other was a boy of ten whom he held by the hand. The gaslights were turned down, and the sleepy clerk had been carelessly assigning upper rooms to the guests; this was before the days of elevators. When this was done, he subsided into his armchair again and closed his eyes. As the two travelers modestly approached the counter, the clerk not deigning to rise, gave the register a whirl so that

the open page was before the stranger and said: "I suppose you will want a room together." He named a high number while the guest without reply wrote his name. The clerk twisted the register around to himself and was about to write the number of the room—when he sprang to his feet, thoroughly awake, bowed, scraped and begged a thousand pardons! The traveler had been expected. The best apartments in the hotel had been reserved for him, on the first floor only up one flight. As the clerk took from the guest the small leather bag he had been carrying in his hand, and conducted him personally to his apartments, another guest watching took a peep at the register to see what great man this was who was treated with such honor. The stranger had written: "U. S. Grant and son, Galena, Illinois."

This was the famous general who had captured what the South had supposed the impregnable Vicksburg, then Port Hudson, and had thus opened the Mississippi River; and, later, had won a series of victories with his splendid generals, Sherman, Sheridan, Hooker, and Thomas who from his victory was called the "Rock of Chickamauga," because he won that battle after Rosecrans had been defeated. For when the confederate General Bragg was entrenched at Lookout Mountain and Missionary

Ridge and threatening Chattanooga, Grant and the others fought him, and Hooker followed him up Lookout Mountain until the army saw his battle flags above the clouds. So, Bragg ran away as fast as he could; but Thomas followed him up and made him fight again, and drove him twenty miles. Then Grant drove back Longstreet, who was threatening Burnside. So, at the end of that campaign the Union forces held possession of Tennessee.

After Vicksburg President Lincoln had written a beautiful letter of thanks to General Grant. And now in the following March when Congress had again created the office of Lieutenant-General which had been dropped when Scott resigned, Mr. Lincoln had nominated for that office, Ulysses S. Grant; Congress had confirmed his nomination, and that early spring morning at Willard's here was Grant next in military rank to the President and the secretary of war. It was no wonder that the clerk bowed down to him; and perhaps not so surprising that he had not known him; for McClellan had not traveled with a hand bag; it had taken several six-horse wagons to carry his furniture.

General Grant at once assumed command of the armies, and announced that his headquarters would be in the field and until further orders with the army of the Potomac.

Stoddard tells how one Sunday morning a few weeks later he called to see the President. Mr. Lincoln was stretched upon the sofa with one hand thrown up over his head and an air of relaxation about him, as if some burden had been removed from him. After talking for a time, his visitor asked:

“ ‘Now, Mr. Lincoln, what sort of a man is Grant? I’ve never even seen him. He has taken hold here while I have been laid up. What do you think of him?’ ”

“ ‘Mr. Lincoln half rose, and laughed. ‘Well, I hardly know what to think of him, altogether,’ he answered. ‘He’s the quietest little fellow you ever saw.’ ”

“ ‘How is that?’ ”

“ ‘Why, he makes the least fuss of any man you ever knew. I believe two or three times he has been in this room a minute or so before I knew he was here. It’s about so all around. The only evidence you have that he’s in any place is that he makes things *git!* Wherever he is, things move!’ ” The President talked with animation; he was describing the man he had been longing for. Then his visitor asked about Grant’s generalship, and whether he was going to be the man? “ ‘Grant is the first general I’ve had! He’s a general!’ returned Lincoln. ‘You know how it has been with all the rest. As soon

as I put a man in command of the army, he'd come to me with a plan of a campaign and about as much as say: "Now, I don't believe I can do it, but if you say so, I'll try it on," and so put the responsibility of success or failure on me; they all wanted me to be the general. Now, it isn't so with Grant. He hasn't told me what his plans are. I don't know, and I don't want to know. I'm glad to find a man that can go ahead without me.' "

General Sherman was put into Grant's former place as commander of the army of the Mississippi; Halleck was still the President's military adviser; and one thing was especially to be noticed—from the time that Grant took command of the army, there was one plan, making one movement fit in with another. The President, Grant, Sherman and all the generals worked in harmony; rivalries and jealousies so prevalent under McClellan were almost wholly banished. The officers ceased to fight each other and took to fighting the enemy. For, henceforth, "there was energy in attack, speed in pursuit, and everywhere the right man in the right place." Grant and his officers had most perfect faith in each other.

At midnight May third, 1864, the Union troops began to move; and on the fourth the whole army was across the Rapidan. The two follow-

ing days were fought the terrible battles of the Wilderness. May seventh Grant began to move toward Spotsylvania Court House; but Lee who was nearer reached there first. May ninth, tenth and eleventh were spent in constant manœuvering and fighting. And on the eleventh Grant sent to Washington that famous dispatch: "Our losses have been heavy as well as those of the enemy, and I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

But not only all summer, but all the autumn, and the winter also, did the brave army of Northern Virginia with its able commander hold out against the forces that were closing in upon it from all sides. We should pity the soldiers in their final surrender, if that surrender had not been the most blessed thing for themselves, as well as for the whole nation.

May twelfth, 1864, and later at North Anna and Cold Harbor, indeed, during the whole weeks of May and early June came constant fighting and marching in both armies, and in all these furious and persistent battles terrible loss of life on both sides; but greater in the Union army, because Lee had shorter marches and knew the country perfectly and could choose his own time and place to fight. Petersburg, on the Appomattox River about twenty miles south of Richmond, connected Richmond by rail with

all the South and Southwest. If Petersburg could be taken and held by the Union forces, Richmond must soon fall. Grant struggled long, however, before the capture of this city.

General Grant moved his army south of the James River. General Hunter who had been sent up the Shenandoah Valley, defeated the confederates at Piedmont and then marched to Lynchburg. He arrived there June sixteenth. The confederate General Breckinridge was holding the place and Lee sent General Early to him with reinforcements. Together, they made Hunter retreat. Then Early with twelve thousand veterans marched down the Shenandoah Valley toward Maryland. General Lew Wallace with a small force stood between him and Washington and Baltimore. But Early came within seven miles of the White House! Grant had sent troops to keep Early from Washington, and told Sheridan to drive him back and then destroy the Shenandoah valley so that it could no longer furnish support to the confederate troops. In September Sheridan attacked Early at Opequan Creek, and drove him from the field with loss, and pursued him to the passes of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Then he tore up the railroads, destroyed provisions and forage and drove off the stock, so that the whole country about there was a wilderness. But the middle

of October Early crossed the mountains again, and while Sheridan was absent surprised a part of the Union army and drove it off the field. But Sheridan away off at Winchester, heard the guns and came back. His army had made a stand at Middleton. He had not a word of blame for his men, but treated the defeat like an accident that they were going to make up for at once. And so they did. They went after Early, attacked and defeated him and got back the prisoners and the guns they had lost. This battle will be remembered by that fine poem, "Sheridan's Ride."

At the time that Grant crossed the Rapidan, Sherman commanding in the West, but under Grant's orders, was watching the confederate army "proud, defiant and exultant" at Dalton. They had recovered from Mission Ridge and were ready for more battles. There is not time to tell of all that wonderful campaign; how Sherman drove them under their skilful commander, Johnston, and defeated them again and again when Hood took Johnston's place; and how, early in September, he obtained possession of Atlanta, Georgia, and turned the city into a military post. When the citizens objected, he told them that as soon as they would come into the Union, his army would do nothing but protect and defend them. Hood turned North to

get Sherman back from Atlanta. But Sherman telegraphed to Grant asking permission to march through the enemy's country, "smashing things as he went,"—destroying railroads and whatever would be of use to the confederates. He let General Thomas take care of Hood at Nashville; and Thomas with battle and prisoners broke up Hood's army.

The story of "Sherman's grand march to the sea" reads like a wonderful romance. He broke up the telegraph wires and the railroads, and started. Then he must reach the sea, or perish. On his way he captured the city of Macon, and Milledgeville, the capital, and on the twentieth of December with aid of Admiral Dahlgren whom Lincoln had sent by water to co-operate with him, he wrote the President a dispatch: "I present you as a Christmas gift the city of Savannah, with one hundred and fifty guns, plenty of ammunition, and about twenty-five thousand bales of cotton."

Then followed the capture of Wilmington, Columbia, Goldsboro, and Charleston; and a battle with General Johnston who was driven back. And now the Union forces from all parts were gathering about Lee, and the end of the war was near.

When, at last, Lee tried to escape, there was Grant on one hand, and Sheridan was on the

other, watching, marching, fighting, and always barring his way to safety.

On the twenty-seventh of March the President, and Generals Grant and Sherman met on a steamer in the James River and talked over the situation. Seldom, if ever, have three more wonderful men met together; Sherman famed from his campaign in Tennessee which, as Lincoln said, would live in history, his devotion to Grant, his generous appreciation of the work of all the splendid officers and men that surrounded them; Grant who when chosen for his position modestly said that Sherman ought to have the place; and Lincoln, strong, patient, far-seeing, crowned with success, yet using his success to unite his country and to bless his countrymen, North and South. The generals both agreed that one more bloody battle was likely to be fought before the end of the war. "Must more blood be shed?" questioned Mr. Lincoln. "Cannot this be avoided?" But they thought that Lee would fight.

Even while the three were talking, General Sheridan was marching to cut off Lee's retreat. "Ten days of incessant marching and fighting, with Sheridan in the lead and Grant closely following," says Arnold, "finished the campaign." March twenty-ninth Grant wrote to

Sheridan: "I now feel like ending the matter, if it be possible, before going back."

And he did end it. For, April second, Longstreet who had been defending Richmond was ordered to join Lee, who made one last desperate attempt to cut his way through the Union armies. That same day Lee sent to Jefferson Davis saying that Richmond and Petersburg could not be held any longer. And, "the bells of Richmond tolled the knell of the Confederacy."

But Grant, with Sheridan and other generals helping, kept on after Lee who was penned up so that he had no escape and who could not cut his way out.

Therefore, on the ninth of April, 1865, he surrendered. Truly, Grant had "fought it out on that line."

Generous terms of surrender were made with Lee; and officers and men were permitted to return to their homes, "not to be disturbed so long as they observed their parole, and the laws."

XLI.

LINCOLN'S WALK THROUGH RICHMOND.

Mr. Lincoln had been staying at City Point for several days, getting daily, almost hourly news from General Grant how things were going, and sending word to Washington, to be distributed over the country. The day after the fall of Richmond he went in a gunboat accompanied by Admiral Porter, Hon. Charles Sumner and a few others to within a mile of the city, and from there in a row boat to the wharf. Landing, he walked on, leading his little son Tad by the hand and with the few sailors who had rowed him for a body-guard. If he had had all the escort that came in the gunboat which had been blocked by obstructions in the river, it would have been little more.

Never before did conqueror enter conquered city like this. Troops, martial music, a splendid procession, the chief prisoners captured, kings

and generals, walking behind loaded with chains and reserved for torture and death—these were the triumphs of old days, of Rome, and of later times also. But Lincoln was too great for the display that many conquerors of modern times would have demanded; he was a king of men in himself and did not need to try to impress people with his grandeur. God had made him so grand that he could not have helped doing this, had he tried.

But in addition to Lincoln's hatred of display, he did not come as a conqueror to Richmond and the South; he came as a peace-maker, a protector, a comforter. That day his troops were busy putting out the fires which the confederates had kindled in the beautiful city, just as he himself was laboring to put out the fires of suffering kindled throughout the South by Jefferson Davis and his co-workers; and as he walked that fourth of April through the streets of Richmond, his thoughts were not of pride of victory over the people, but that he was their President, their rightful ruler for the time of his election, one who had the best of all rights to inquire into their condition and bring them what aid he could.

But if the confederates were not ready to understand and welcome him, the colored people

were. With a black man as guide Lincoln went on to the headquarters of the commanding officer, the house from which Jefferson Davis had run away. And as Lincoln went on, the crowd of the liberated blacks gathered more and more thickly about him with shouts and blessings and prayers and tears, until the tears fell from Lincoln's eyes also. However much the whites, North and South, might abuse and vilify this wonderful man, the colored people never made a mistake about him; nothing shook their faith in him.

They were right. One of the few times when Lincoln's even temper was roused well-nigh to fury was when some one proposed to him to try to win over the belligerent masters and secure peace by abandoning the freedmen. "Why, it would be an astounding breach of faith!" cried Lincoln. "If I should do it, I ought to be damned in time and eternity!" He had forced the confederates to treat the colored troops captured as prisoners of war. At first they sold them back into slavery, or else shot them.

That fourth of April he held a short reception in the room lately used by Mr. Davis, took a drive about the city, and went back that evening to City Point.

A few days later the President with Mrs.

Lincoln and several senators and friends went to Richmond once more. Neither then did he go as its conqueror, but as its President and its friend.

XLII.

THE JOY OF THE NATION IN VICTORY AND PEACE.

That was a strange scene at Appomattox in Virginia, the ninth of April, 1865, when General Lee had surrendered and the great civil war was virtually over. The two armies no longer faced each other in battle array, or fought, each with a bravery which made the other respect it and feel that enemies so valiant must make worthy friends. The time for friendship had come; it was here. For confederates and Union men, officers and soldiers, were all mixed up together shaking hands, congratulating one another, no doubt, on brilliant achievements each side had performed, and glad enough to be able to talk these over instead of more fighting. But this was not all; the confederate soldiers were starving; the Union soldiers made them their guests and shared their rations with them until the government stores should come up and furnish them more

bountifully. The confederates were half clad, sometimes not even that, and the Union soldiers shared their clothing with them. And even this was not all; the confederates had been given permission to return to their homes; but they had no money to go with; and the Union soldiers loaned them money for this. Their enemies had vanished; these men, brave, vanquished, suffering and needy were their fellow-countrymen, and as such the Union soldiers treated them. And as such they have remained through all the years that have gone by since those days. Complaint, suffering, poverty, bitterness have been in plenty. But, thanks to the spirit of peace and patriotism and Christian brotherhood which God put into Lincoln's heart to inaugurate, from the very first instant that reconciliation was possible, the peace which came, as he had longed and worked for it to come, was a peace "worth the keeping in all future time."

Nothing connected with the surrender of Lee could have touched Lincoln so deeply as that brotherly spirit of the soldiers of the two armies. "With malice toward none," he had said. And he was right. The soldiers who had fought; the parents and children, the wives and sweethearts who had given their dearest a sacrifice to their country—all these knew that the South

who had fought a brave fight for what many of them had been taught was liberty, or who were also mourning their dear ones, had already suffered more than their victors could inflict. For though revenge strides side by side with anger, it is not found in the hearts of those who sorrow deeply.

There had been no compromise; the war had been fought out. The South could not lift a hand again if she would. It was time to remember that we were countrymen, and that the terrible battlefields where Union and confederate lay buried side by side proved how truly we were brothers in the valor and endurance that all men prize. Thus at the end of the war the North and the South were much better acquainted than at its beginning; and when in the poverty that fell upon the South, it became necessary for their men to work as they had never done before, they had learned from the hard-fought battles with Northern soldiers that labor does not make cowards, as some had believed in the old days.

Then, the Union at the North after the war was much closer than it had ever been before. This was partly because any great cause unites the people who love it and work in it, and because those in one place who mourned for their soldiers slain were drawn in thought and inter-

est toward other parts of the country mourning also. The same is true of the rejoicing over Union victories.

But Mr. Lincoln had recognized the necessity of closer union and knew that this would come by acquaintance of one part with another. In his famous letter to the Springfield Convention which has been spoken of, when he says of the opening of the Mississippi: "The Father of Waters again goes unvexed to the sea," he adds: "Thanks to the great Northwest for it; nor yet wholly to them. Three hundred miles up they met New England, Empire, Keystone and Jersey, hewing their way right and left. The sunny South, too, in more colors than one, also lent a helping hand. On the spot their part of the history was jotted down in black and white. The job was a great national one and let none be slighted who bore an honorable part in it." And then he speaks of "Antietam, Murfreesboro, Gettysburg and many other fields." This was Mr. Lincoln's way of bringing East and West together and making soldiers of different sections acquainted with each other and every part of the country dear to those who had fought for it. He was always sending Eastern troops out West and bringing Western soldiers to the army of the Potomac. It was truly said of him that he could take a long look ahead. He saw

what needed to be done to make the Union stronger than it ever had been: and he helped to bring this about.

But there was something of far greater importance that Abraham Lincoln did; and for this alone his name would be immortal. This was his emancipation proclamation freeing four millions of human beings, and destroying the cause of the war and one of the means of carrying it on by the South. To complete this work and to make freedom secure, it was necessary that Congress should pass a constitutional amendment abolishing slavery in the whole country, and that three-quarters of all the States should ratify it.

One evening early in 1865, a vast crowd assembled at the White House to congratulate the President on the passage in Congress of this constitutional amendment. The band played national airs, and Mr. Lincoln radiant with joy said to the assembly:

“The great job is ended. * * * The occasion is one of congratulation, and I cannot but congratulate all present, myself, the country, and the whole world upon this great moral victory. The amendment has already been ratified by Illinois, and Maryland is half through; but I feel proud,” he added, “that Illinois is a little ahead. * * * This ends the job.”

In 1858 Abraham Lincoln had lost his election as Senator from Illinois by his declaration: "This nation cannot endure permanently half slave and half free." Within seven years, he, as the second time elected President of the United States could say of slavery, formerly so pre-eminent: "The great job (of its abolition) is ended." As he said, Illinois led off. Rhode Island, Michigan, Maryland, and so on, followed until more than three-fourths of all the States had ratified the amendment.

Lincoln's second inaugural was most brilliantly attended; he had become the beloved and trusted of the nation. On that Fourth of March, 1865, he stood a moment looking over the crowd and recalling the memories of those last four years. His voice was clear, but sad at times, and afterward it seemed to the people a farewell. An eminent man present said as he came down from the Capitol: "The President's inaugural is the finest state paper in all history." Arnold says of it: "This paper in its solemn recognition of the justice of Almighty God, reminds us of the words of the old Hebrew prophets. The paper," he adds, "was read in Europe with the most profound attention, and from this time all thinking men recognized the intellectual and moral greatness of its author." All who read about Lincoln should read this

second inaugural. But the last paragraph became household words in the nation. It has been said that not even Washington's farewell address made so deep an impression upon the people. He said:

“With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, * * * to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.”

This was his spirit toward the South. The world saw that it was the spirit of Christ.

How fast those days sped between the last inauguration and the end! And how full they were of triumph and satisfaction to Lincoln. As soon as Lee surrendered, the President ordered all drafting and recruiting for the armies to cease.

From the eleventh of April to the fourteenth the days were crowded with joyful events; the confederate armies all surrendered; and throughout the North, every city, town, village and little hamlet went wild with joy. All the houses, even those homes from which soldiers had died were decorated with Union flags and Union colors. All the houses were illuminated. The people rang the bells and fired salutes. Bands of music played and people sang patriotic

songs; and everywhere went up the voice of praise and thanks to God for the blessings of peace and freedom.

No one was more happy than Mr. Lincoln. That morning of April fourteenth his son Robert just come back from the front, told his father all the details of Lee's surrender. Victory, honor, the love of the nation, peace, freedom for the slave, and the spirit of mercy and peace in his heart—all blessings crowned this great life on that fourteenth day of April; he and the nation were glad together—that last day.

XLIII.

A PEOPLE'S GRIEF.

In the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington lay a funeral bier tenderly watched and guarded by sad and sorrowing soldiers to whom the silent figure lying there had seemed in life to care for them with a father's protectingness. The coffin was constantly covered with quantities of beautiful spring flowers daily renewed and always fresh, while as the days went by, thousands and tens of thousands of people in a mournful procession bent down for a last look at the serene face of the figure on the catafalque, and turned away with grief-stricken faces and with streaming eyes. For a week this silent figure lay thus in the Capitol, and then the funeral procession started for the West.

What did it all mean—this death and the sorrowing multitudes?

On the evening of the fourteenth of April when after the storm of four years' war, peace



THE ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN.



had come to the country and a nation's deep devotion to its President, a man had come into the theatre where Mr. Lincoln had gone for a little recreation from his toils, and entering the President's box, had shot him. Abraham Lincoln had been assassinated.

The country that only the day before had been wild with joy over the return of peace, was in its length and breadth like a land where in every household there is one dead. There was universal mourning in city and town and country, in the crowded streets, in the lonely farm-houses—everywhere was mourning; but no disturbance, no outbreak unfitting respect to such a man as Lincoln; the grief was too deep and genuine. People who had not heard of Lincoln's assassination coming into great cities would be amazed at the strange aspect of the place; the whole people were mourning, all business was suspended. Everywhere the flags that only the day before had been floating high in joy were sadly lowered to half-mast; and by common consent all the people draped black in their homes in sign of grief. In the great streets of cities, on the magnificent buildings, in handsome private houses—not in a few places alone, but throughout the land this emblem was but outward sign of a sorrow that gripped the deep-

est heart of the people. But when in the dwellings of the poor, even of the very poor, there could be seen the shabby bit of black gathered one knew not whence and displayed as symbol of a real grief—then Abraham Lincoln was mourned as he would have been mourned; the “plain people” whom he loved and deeply appreciated, paid him their tribute of sorrow. One instance illustrates many. In a small town in Massachusetts, the duty of putting up the flags of the place on fitting occasions devolved at that time upon a Democrat famed for his want of feeling, and of interest in public affairs. That morning after the assassination, as he walked toward the flagstaff carrying the flag under his arm, one who had not heard the sad event asked him the news. As the man turned to answer, his eyes were filled with tears.

Memorial services were held in churches and halls everywhere.

This assassination was no plot of the South's; and it was never proved that even any of the Southern leaders knew anything of the purpose of John Wilkes Booth, the assassin. Others were working with him, for that same evening Secretary Seward was assaulted, and would also have been killed but for those in the house with him. But the South was already

beginning to perceive what a friend it had in the President. In public and private the people expressed their horror at the deed. In Little Rock, Arkansas, a meeting of the order of masons was called to express their sorrow; the hall was well filled, most of those present were ex-confederate soldiers and they listened to a funeral oration upon Lincoln given by a well-known Union man. Never was so deep a mourning in a nation.

April twenty-first the funeral procession left Washington, and Lincoln lay in state in some of the cities it passed through. It was a long and sorrowful journey. From all cities, towns, from the country—everywhere—people came with uncovered heads and eyes full of tears, bringing flowers. Minute guns, tolling bells, mournful music, flags at half-mast were everywhere. The reception at Baltimore was impressive, and especially there and elsewhere the colored people mourned him. At Philadelphia he lay in state in old Independence Hall. The old historic bell with its words: “Proclaim liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof,” stood at the head of Lincoln’s bier. It was he who, under God, had made those words absolutely true in this land.

So, the sad procession passed on to Springfield where the President was buried.

But Abraham Lincoln still lives in the hearts of the American people; and he will live there so long as the liberty for which he lived and died exists in our land.

XLIV.

THE GREAT AMERICAN.

Was it only because Abraham Lincoln was the President of a great republic which had just ended successfully a long and terrible civil war that there came from all over the world tributes to his memory? No. From the throne to the humblest cottage the wail of sorrow was heard; for a man who blessed the world had gone from it. Queen Victoria with her own hand wrote to Mrs. Lincoln her message of sorrow. From Parliament and Westminster Abbey, from India and Australia, and Canada, and the isles of the sea, from the whole English-speaking race, everywhere, came the voice of sorrow. And not the English alone, but all nations sent their word of grief and sympathy for us. Mr. Seward called all these messages from abroad which were sent to the State Department of our Government: "The Tribute of the Nations to Abraham Lincoln." They were printed, and fill

a quarto volume of almost one thousand pages, "unique in its character," comments one writer, "and a tribute never before in any age paid to any man."

In the famous cemetery of Calton Hill, Edinburgh, Scotland, stands a beautiful monument erected to Abraham Lincoln, with a statue of Lincoln and at his feet a freedman kneeling with broken chains.

To the world, as well as to his countrymen, Abraham Lincoln is "the great American." He and Washington are the only men who can be compared. "Washington is the great man of the era of the Revolution," says an historian; "and so will Lincoln be of this (the Civil War): but Lincoln will reach the higher position in history."

The prediction he made in leaving his Springfield friends for his inauguration, that the task before him was harder than Washington's had proved true. And, under the guidance of God whom he came to recognize more and more, he performed this task with a perfection which even Washington, born in a different era and differently trained, could not have reached.

If Abraham Lincoln had been born anywhere, and at any time, he must have been great. But only in America could he have reached the place he did, and done the great work for which

we are thankful to him. But he is "the great American" in a deeper sense than that he was born and did his wonderful work in this land. He is the highest example that the world has seen, and perhaps ever will see, of what America means and wants to be. For the American republic in its ideal is the highest form of government in the world and requires the highest kind of man to carry it out perfectly; and this Lincoln was. Every man should be good and true. But a man born in a republic has a special responsibility, because here every man has a voice and is in that sense a ruler, and to the extent of his power the fate of the country rests upon him; he should think of public affairs, and have a broad outlook, know what is going on and what ought to be done; he should not be ignorant; and he should be interested in everything helpful to free institutions and should work for these.

In his love for free institutions Abraham Lincoln stands second to none in the world. In upholding these against one of the greatest attacks upon them that the world has seen, he stands the very first. His brains were as much above the brains of ordinary men as his inches were; the work he did was stupendous; and the way he did it won the admiration of the whole world and the deep gratitude of his countrymen.

To have been born in a log-cabin and to have risen to be the President of one of the greatest countries in the world is much; yet other men also have from humble birth risen to great power. But no man who has so risen has used his great power as Lincoln did; and no man not born on a throne has ever freed four millions of human beings, as Lincoln did. And all the while that he fought the confederacy at the South, he led and guided the people at the North, persuading, convincing, as no other man could do. As an orator he was wonderful; and for clearness and power and greatness his public letters and state papers will live as long as the English language. It was no wonder that his secretary of war, Edwin M. Stanton, as he stood gazing at Abraham Lincoln dead by the bullet of an assassin, said: "There lies the most perfect ruler of men the world has ever seen."

But intellect alone never blesses. There was more. When the young man, "Abe Lincoln," clerk in a country store, locked the door of his shop and walked miles to return to a customer a few cents that he had overcharged by mistake, he showed that quality which afterward held to him in the dark days of the war the "plain people" of whom he was always so fond, and so appreciative. No matter how much they blamed him—and at times the blame was ter-

rible—under it all was the absolute faith that he meant well. Although the title, “honest Abe” was buried under the later honors poured out on him, yet his unswerving fidelity was the real cause of his success.

And when, years after the store-keeping, he gave up the chance of being senator from Illinois—a place he wanted much—because he held it of more importance to speak a truth which might help to lead his country to perceive whither slavery was leading it, and to resist—when Abraham Lincoln did this, he proved that he held his country and free institutions higher than place for himself, and that he could not be bought to be silent when he ought to speak. That was an honesty which, joined to his great power of mind, made him worthy to lead the nation through its peril, as God gave him to do; and to speak the great word of freedom to the slave and wipe out slavery from our land.

One thing more. A real republic is always a theocracy, which means that it has God for its ruler; or it cannot continue. No man ever believed this more than Abraham Lincoln. God must have been often in his thoughts, for Lincoln came to speak of Him and His help and guidance as the most natural force in life. He had suffered so much and done so much, that the more honors he had put upon him, the more

he wanted to do the work God had appointed him, and help to heal and bless the nation when peace had come at last.

In mental ability, in moral power, in faith in God from whom all came, in what he has done for the nation, in the example of a life perfectly true from first to last to its devotion to free institutions—true even to dying for them—Abraham Lincoln is “the great American.”

Two things that he has said let us remember through life, to do them; and they will help us more than anything else to honor his memory in our own lives and to help as we can do to keep freedom and peace among men. Let us “resolve,” as he said at Gettysburg, “that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.”

And all of us in living will help the republic to live if we hold in our hearts and lives those wonderful words from Abraham Lincoln: “With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right.”

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